

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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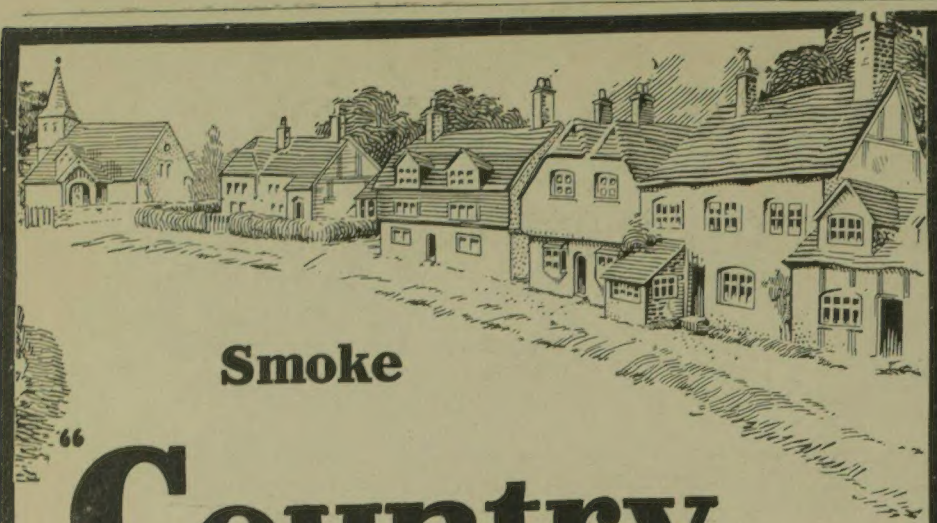
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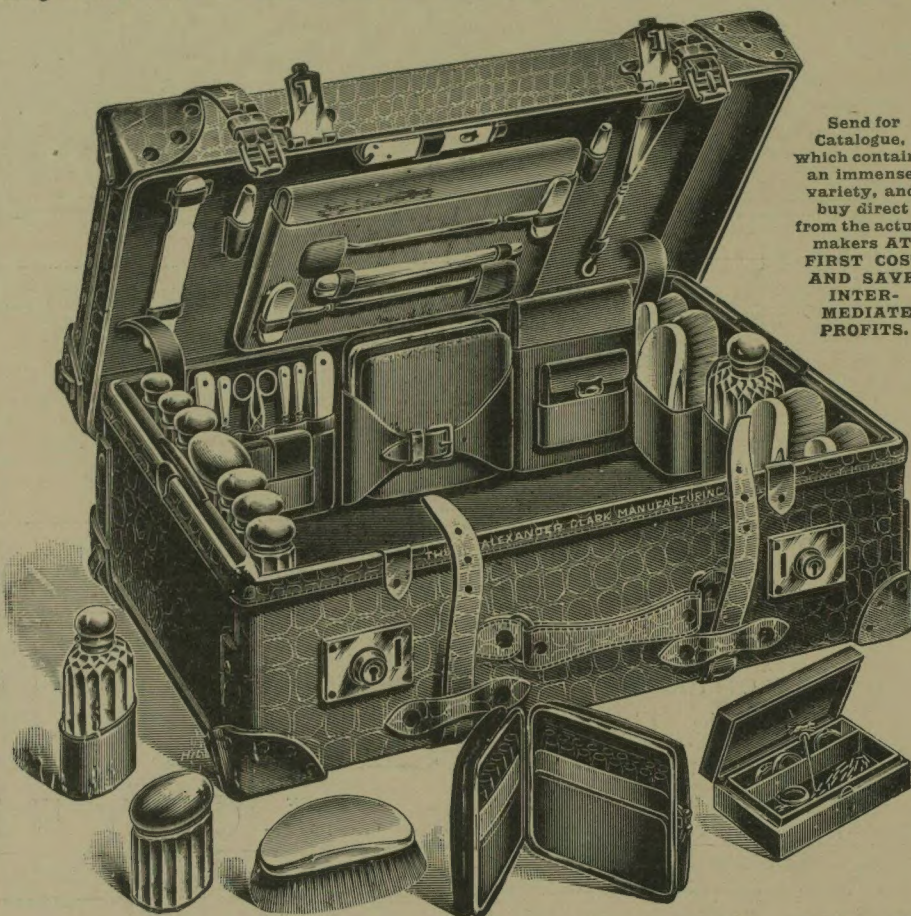
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3610.—VOL. CXXXII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1908.

With Special Photogravure
Supplement: "Fishing for Jack." ONE SHILLING.

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THE KING'S GARDEN-PARTY AT WINDSOR: HIS MAJESTY PASSING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE GUESTS.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

The King and Queen gave a most successful garden-party at Windsor on Saturday, and entertained more than 8000 guests. Our Illustration shows the royal party passing through the ranks of their visitors, who seemed to be drawn from all classes, and to represent every shade of political opinion.

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FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N. W. Railway.
R. MILLAR, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

Euston, 1908.

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"FISHING FOR JACK."

(See Supplement.)

WITH our Summer Number (the current issue) we present to our readers a charming plate embodying a summer idyll. The picture, which is entitled "Fishing for Jack," has its own suggestion of the gentle art of Izaak Walton, but there is a further allusion to the wiles of Dan Cupid. Jack may be a fisher of fish, but Jill, at any rate, is a fisher of men. How much of the lure of the rod and line the lady will learn may be doubted, but it is certain that she knows her own craft. Like Cleopatra she may say—

Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

If the artist is to be believed, it would seem that the Antony in this case is already caught.

BIRTH OF A SPANISH PRINCE.

THERE is great rejoicing in Spain, for Queen Victoria Eugénie has given birth to her second son at La Granja. The new-born infant was brought into the Throne Room by the King when he was an hour old and presented to the President of the Council of Ministers, the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Marine, the high dignitaries of the Palace, and all the members of the royal household. Later in the day the birth was formally registered before the military and civil authorities and the Bishop of Segovia, the witnesses being Señor Maura, the Premier, and the Minister of Marine and several grandees. It will be remembered that Queen Victoria Eugénie, who is the daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg and niece to King Edward, was married to King Alfonso on May 31, 1906, and her first child, Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, was born at Madrid on May 10, 1907. In connection with the birth of the young Prince a curious incident is reported. King Alfonso, hearing that a condemned criminal was to be executed at Cordova on the Tuesday morning, signed a decree pardoning him, in commemoration of the birth of the infant Prince. The birth of another son to the King and Queen of Spain is of considerable political importance, for it helps to assure the succession and to strengthen the Alfonsist dynasty, which only a few years ago seemed to be tottering to its fall. To-day, both Carlists and Republicans have fallen from popular favour, and the increase in the commercial prosperity of the country is evidenced by the extraordinary development of social life in Madrid.

PARLIAMENT.

THE time-table of the Government was upset in the House of Commons on Monday, when a single sitting proved insufficient for the second reading of the Coal Mines (Eight Hours) Bill. Except the Home Secretary himself, the only warm supporters of the measure were Labour members and Liberal representatives of miners. The Unionists, encouraged by the result of the Pudsey election, showed a keen fighting spirit, and so many men on both sides desired to be heard that the Prime Minister was constrained to consent to the adjournment of the debate. The Labour members were annoyed by his yielding, and when they learned that the Bill could not be taken again either this week or next, they uttered angry exclamations. Probably they suspected—what the Opposition certainly believed—that its chances were lessened by so long a postponement. Meantime, the Old Age Pensions Bill is being discussed under the guillotine resolution, which was passed in advance, and upstairs the Grand Committee are spending sunny days in fashioning other measures into shape. The Irish Universities Bill looked as if it were in danger from Ulster Protestants and English Nonconformists, but Mr. Birrell has preserved it in a form acceptable to Mr. Dillon. Mr. Herbert Samuel is adding to his reputation by his management of the Children Bill; but scarcely anybody is pleased with the progress of the Scottish Education Bill in the Scottish Grand Committee. This Committee is more talkative and less business-like than Scots are as a rule. The favourite portion of the Parliamentary precincts continues to be the Terrace, which has become a thoroughly fashionable parade. Tea by the side of the Thames is enjoyed even by the smartest set, and many dresses as fine as those worn at Ascot have been seen there this week.

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CANADIAN subscribers will please note that the postage of "The Illustrated London News" is reduced from 4d. to 1d. per copy.

No. XVIII. of Mr. Street's "Talks with Tom Bingley" will be found on page 980.

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PAGEANT,
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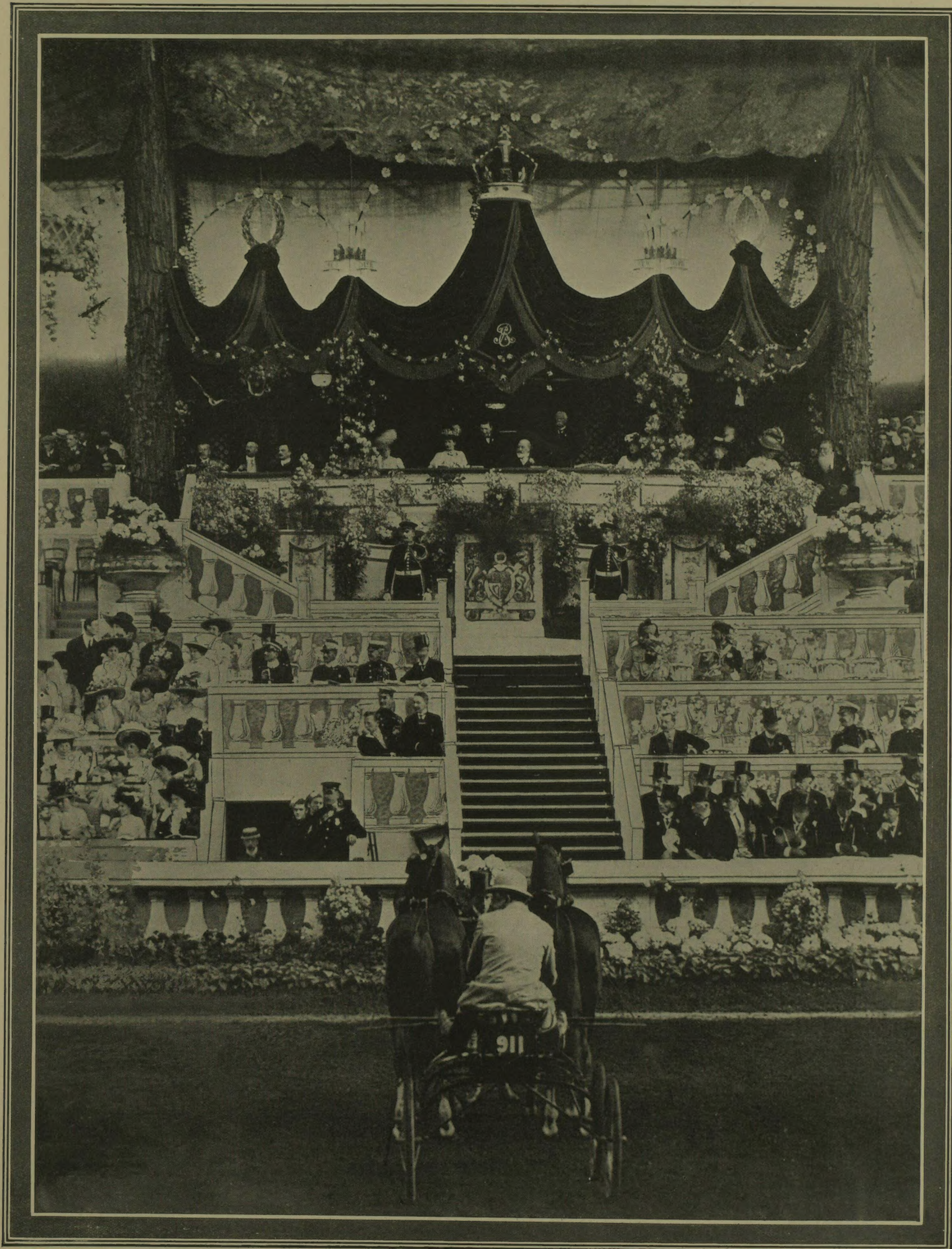
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NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted. Poetry is not invited and cannot be returned. N.B.—Photographs and Sketches should always be accompanied by postage stamps, otherwise their return cannot be guaranteed.

THE KING AT A HORSE SHOW : A GREAT PRIZE-WINNER BEFORE HIS MAJESTY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



MR. WALTER WINANS SALUTING THE KING BEFORE THE ROYAL BOX.

On Monday afternoon at Olympia, Mr. Walter Winans drove two of his fastest trotters in a sulky past the royal box during the exhibition of registered American-bred horses. Mr. Winans wore motor-glasses, and his driving attracted considerable attention.



Photo. Rosemont.
MR. J. ODDY,
New Member for Pudsey.

Photo. Digby.
MISS TARRANT,
Senior Classic at Cambridge.

PORTRAITS & WORLD'S NEWS.

has been the chairman of his party's committees at recent elections. Pudsey is now represented in the House of Commons by a Unionist for the first time in its political history.

Although many Universities and learned Societies still refuse to permit women to enjoy

"Allen Raine," the popular Welsh novelist, whose death is announced, was known to her friends as Mrs. Benyon Puddicombe. Her first published story is dated 1897, and in the ten or eleven years following she is said to have sold some two millions of her works in Great Britain alone, while there was a large sale for them in America as well. Mrs. Puddicombe had been an invalid for some time.

General Sir Charles Brownlow, who has received the bâton of a Field-Marshal, is now in his seventy-seventh year, and during his active career saw service in many lands. Sixty years ago he took part in the Punjab Campaign; more than half a century has passed since he distinguished himself against the Mohmand tribes and took part in the Bozdar Expedition. General Brownlow went through the China War of 1860, and the Hazara Campaign of 1868. He was an A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, and Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards for ten years from 1879. General Brownlow has been a successful breeder of horses.

Suffragists in Hyde Park. The militant Suffragists gathered in their might to Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, and it is stated by those in a position to express an authoritative opinion that no parade of political forces has ever attracted so vast a gathering in London, and certainly not on a fine June day, when the attractions of the country are



Photo. Illus. Bureau.
MRS. DOSEBAI COWASJEE JESSAWALLA,
The Parsee Lady who Kissed the King's Hand at the Garden Party.

the islands. Since 1904, when he resigned that office, Mr. Taft has been Secretary for War. He is a big man and a strong one, physically and mentally; he has been a great traveller, and he enjoys the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt.

Dr. Andrew Martin Fairbairn, who is retiring from the post of Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, after serving that society from its establishment in 1886, is now in the seventieth year of a strenuous and useful life. He was educated in Edinburgh and Berlin, holds high degrees from many Universities, has lectured in England, Scotland, the United States, and India, and has served on many important educational committees and commissions. The list of his publications is a lengthy one.

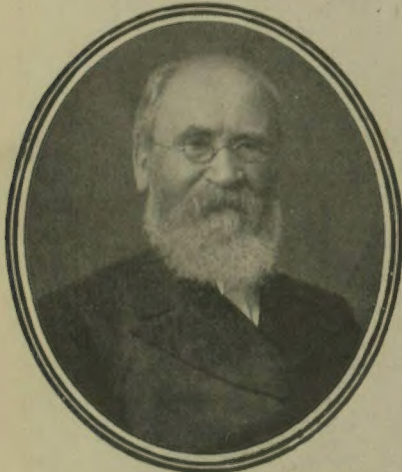


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
DR. FAIRBAIRN,
Retiring from the Principalship of Mansfield College.

special desire to speak to him. With his usual unflinching consideration, his Majesty addressed the old lady and accepted a present of gold and silver embroidery that she had worked for the King and Queen. King Edward and Queen Alexandra congratulated Mrs. Jessawalla upon the beautiful quality of her work.

H.H. Abbas Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, is the most European of Eastern rulers. He was educated at Vienna, and his training seems to have removed every trace of Eastern lethargy. He is one of the most accomplished linguists among the rulers of the present day. His Highness has a magnificent knowledge of European literature. This week the Khedive, who is staying at Claridge's, lunches with the King.

Mr. John James Oddy, M.P., of Moorville, Birkenshaw, the elect of Pudsey, is just forty-one years of age, and



Photo. Dittrich.
H.H. THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT,
On a Visit to England.

At the royal garden-party on Saturday last, a very interesting incident was noticed while the King and Queen were talking to their guests. Mrs. Dosebai Cowasjee Jessawalla, an aged Parsee lady, who is now finishing a tour round the world, attracted the attention of King Edward, who was informed that it was her

the full benefit of their achievements, there seems to be no falling off in the courage and determination with which the weaker sex pursues the difficult fight for equal rights. In every department of learning women are bent upon proving themselves the equals of men, and the success of their efforts is constantly to be recorded. In the past few days Miss Tarrant has entered the list of distinguished scholars, and is to be found in the ranks of the Senior Classics of Cambridge University.

The marriage of the Hon. John Ward, M.V.O., the King's Equerry, and Miss



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
MR. WILLIAM H. TAFT,
Republican Candidate for the United States Presidency.



THE HON. JOHN WARD.

THE HON. MRS. JOHN WARD.

THE HON. JOHN WARD AND MRS. WARD (MISS WHITELAW REID), MARRIED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, JUNE 23.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOWNEY AND ALICE HUGHES.

Jean Whitelaw Reid, daughter of the United States Ambassador, took place on Tuesday afternoon at the Chapel Royal in the presence of the King and Queen and many other members of the Royal Family. The presents were remarkable for their beauty and worth.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, whose death is announced, was the head of the Parsee community in Bombay, and fourth Baronet of a creation fifty years old. He was a member of the Municipal Corporation, a Justice of the Peace, and a Fellow of the Bombay University. Sir Jamsetjee's family has long enjoyed a reputation in Bombay for loyalty to the Empire and for devotion to charitable enterprise.

so great and varied. It is stated that more than a quarter of a million people gathered to watch the Suffragists, who are said to have numbered some 30,000 people. There were seven processions, which started from various points in the Metropolis, and there were twenty platforms. Among the speakers were Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs. Martel, Mrs. Drummond, and many others who have attracted some attention in town by their efforts to secure a vote and their comparative resignation to short sojourns in Holloway. While the organisation and order of the great mass of Suffragists was conspicuously successful on Sunday last, it must be admitted that the speeches of the leaders were for the most part inaudible. Nearly every platform was surrounded or besieged by men who answer to the general

description of "hooligan." Many

were well dressed, and belonged, apparently, to the educated classes, but one and all seemed to be chiefly concerned with making ribald remarks and creating as much disturbance as was possible. Several ugly rushes took place, but the efficiency of an army of police prevented serious accident.



Photo. Bassano.
GENERAL SIR C. BROWNLOW,
New Field-Marshal.



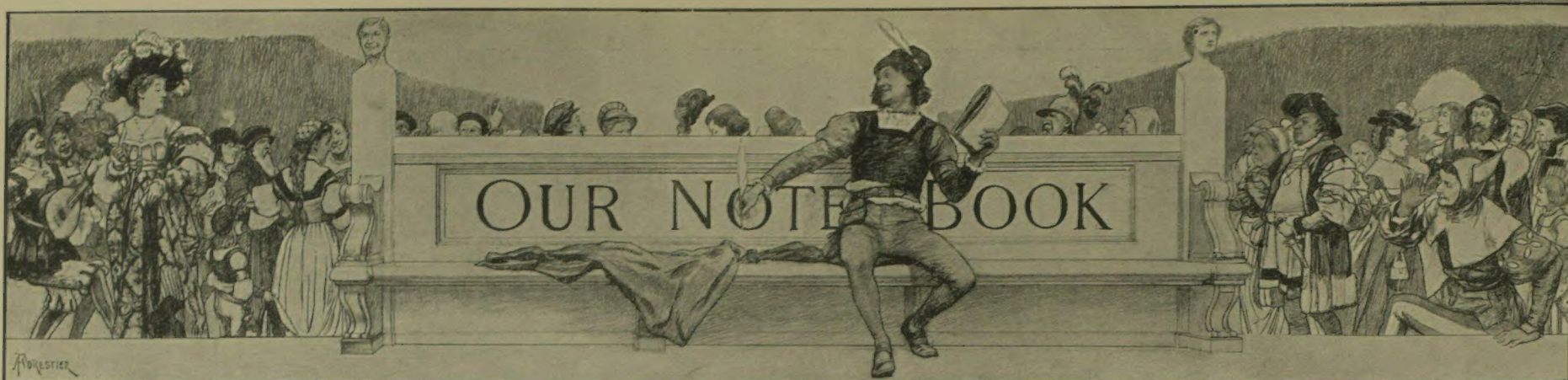
Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHAY,
Distinguished Parsee Baronet.

TAFT, A NAME TO CONJURE WITH: THE THREE-QUARTERS-OF-AN-HOUR OVATION
TO THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE AT THE CHICAGO NOMINATION.



THE TREMENDOUS RECEPTION OF MR. TAFT'S NAME WHEN SENATOR LODGE INTRODUCED IT AT THE CHICAGO CONGRESS FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

Mr. Taft was nominated on June 18 by the Chicago Convention as Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. When Senator Lodge mentioned Mr. Taft's name the Convention burst into a demonstration, and cheered hard for nearly forty-five minutes. The popular Republican candidate received 702 votes, and was adopted unanimously.—[DRAWING BY "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is one quite naked piece of nonsense which must be destroyed if modern society is to go on at all. That is the pretence of teaching things "scientifically" which are not in their own nature scientific. A man may learn to be a good prophet about the stars; he may learn, after long assiduity and self-culture, to be a false prophet about the weather. But no man would dare to predict his wife's temper, even falsely. It is not a scientific subject; it is impossible to imagine whether the wife would be more annoyed if he prophesied wrong or if he prophesied right. Let a man keep a weather-chart then, but not a wife-chart. A comet is not any bigger or any smaller because you know it is coming. A quarrel may be either bigger or smaller because you know it is coming. Monday cannot be more materially hot because you have carefully examined the chart. Monday may be much more spiritually hot because you have examined the lady. All this seems very alphabetical and even inane in its obviousness. Yet it is not obvious; and the fact that it is not obvious is already the problem, and will probably be the destruction of our society.

For instance, in recent discussions about the law and principle of imprisonment, one argument perpetually recurs. It is this: that a prison is the same as a hospital, and therefore that people in one should be treated with the same indeterminate consideration as people in the other. A man is kept in hospital until he is cured of disease. Therefore a man ought to be kept in prison until he is cured of crime. In other words, if you have a weather-chart, you may have a wife-chart. Now there is only one broad, philosophical objection to the parallel between a prison and a hospital, and that is simply that the two things are not at all alike. In case, however, this large and simple idea is not sufficiently evident at a glance, I am willing to explain and expand it. A critic once complained that I had not enough separate paragraphs on this page. I will now, in a belated manner, accept his advice. I will gratify him with a sort of gush and glut of separate paragraphs. For I will proceed, in answer to all such as shall absurdly maintain that prisons are hospitals, that prisoners should be kept indefinitely, like patients, or that crime can be cured along lines analogous to disease—I shall maintain my position, in answer to all these, in no less than fourteen distinct paragraphs. Which I hope will satisfy him.

First Reason why a Prison is not like a Hospital: Because the person to be cured in a hospital is called a patient. But a person to be cured in any moral matter must be called an agent. If he is to be cured of any physical ill, he had better be passive. But if he is to be cured of any moral ill, he must be active. Lust, cruelty, deliberate drunkenness, envy—"herein the patient must minister to himself." He must be, not a passive person, but a very violent and creative person if he is to come back to morality. In short, the essence of medical cure is that a man is a patient. But the essence of moral cure is that the patient must be an *impatient*. Nothing can be done unless he hates his own sin more than he loves his own pleasure. The distinction can be put simply in one sentence. A man can be cured of appendicitis while he is insensible. Can he be cured of theft while he is insensible?

Second Reason why a Prison is not like a Hospital: Because complete cure can be tested in the case of extremes in malady, but not in the case of

extremes in morals. If your mother is physically dead in a hospital, you are bound to hear of it. Even hospital authorities will inform you of so casual a fact. But if your mother is morally dead in prison, you will not hear of it at all.

Third Reason: No spiteful kings, no sneaking judges have ever yet thought of using hospitals as private houses of ingenious conviction or official torture. Lions were let loose on ancient Christians in a prison. But microbes are not let loose on modern Christians in Charing Cross Hospital. At least, I hope not. The machinery of police has been used persistently for oppression; some say even that it was invented for it. But no one says that

complete or fair. There is much humbug about the officials of a hospital. But there is not even any humbug about the officials of a prison. There is not any disguise. Everyone pretends that hospital officials are the noblest people. Everyone admits that prison officials are the lowest.

Sixth Reason: A man is only taken to a hospital when his ordinary animal health has disappeared. He is taken to a prison when his ordinary animal health has, if anything, become too obvious.

Seventh Reason: The body is finite; but the soul is infinite. There are some things that are irrelevant to the subject of Smith having a broken leg. But there are no subjects that are irrelevant to Smith having a broken heart. Anyone can discover if his leg is mended or not. No one will discover, until the end of all time, whether his heart is mended or not. That question will have to wait until that great day when the world shall be ended—or mended.

Eighth Reason: For some cause or other, an invalid is thought rather elegant in Society, while (on the other hand) a convict is often coldly received.

Ninth Reason: Doctors are, as a rule, really interested in the science of surgery or physiology. Warders are not interested in the science of crime, for the very excellent reason that there is no science of crime. If you follow two young surgeons to their lunch, it is really very likely that you will hear them talking, purely out of preference, about picturesque problems of their own profession. Even as they cut off the leg of a fowl, they will recall the yet more trenchant manner in which they cut off the leg of a stock-broker; they will really follow the details and delicacies of some operation which will be splendid if Slasher does it. Dickens was quite right: the doctor does talk about his trade, because it is a real and interesting trade. The doctor does talk about the bodies of men. But Lord! how Dickens would have laughed if you had told him that the turnkey and the jailer talked about the souls of men! When one prison official takes lunch with another does he begin discussing the exquisite poise of moral indecision which may be remarked in the attitude of B 93? I wonder. Or rather, I don't.

Tenth Reason: A disease is a thing that tortures oneself: therefore, one rushes at last to medical aid. But a crime is a thing that generally tortures somebody else; therefore one rather rushes away from that legal aid so eagerly extended and offered. Men want to be cured of toothache, therefore they go to the dentist. It is sad to think how few of them ever want to be cured of criminality and therefore rush wildly to the magistrate.

Eleventh Reason: Arising (as they say in the House of Commons) out of the last question, it may be pointed out that the most desperate physical pain tends to get into medical control. But the most desperate moral insolence exactly tends to keep out of moral control. And the men who will be shut up for ever for thieving three times will be the men who have really been tempted to thieve. The big thieves will escape—because they are big thieves.

Twelfth Reason: The tradition of all civilised law has been to fix when a man can come out of prison, not to unfix it. I have a tenderness for the Habeas Corpus Act.

Thirteenth Reason: Any ordinary Englishman would loathe the proposal.

Fourteenth Reason: I loathe it. There are many more.



Photo. Clarke, Cambridge.

THE MILTON TERCENTENARY: THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF MILTON AT THE AGE OF TEN, FROM THE EXHIBITION IN CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

In honour of the tercentenary of Milton, Christ's College, Cambridge, of which the poet was a member, has made a collection of all the known portraits. The portrait, which was painted by Cornelius Janssen on his arrival in England, when he was lodging near the house of John Milton, scrivener, in Bread Street, represents the poet as a grave, shy boy of ten. By a wonderful stroke of good fortune it was discovered by Dr. G. C. Williamson just on the eve of the Christ's College Exhibition.

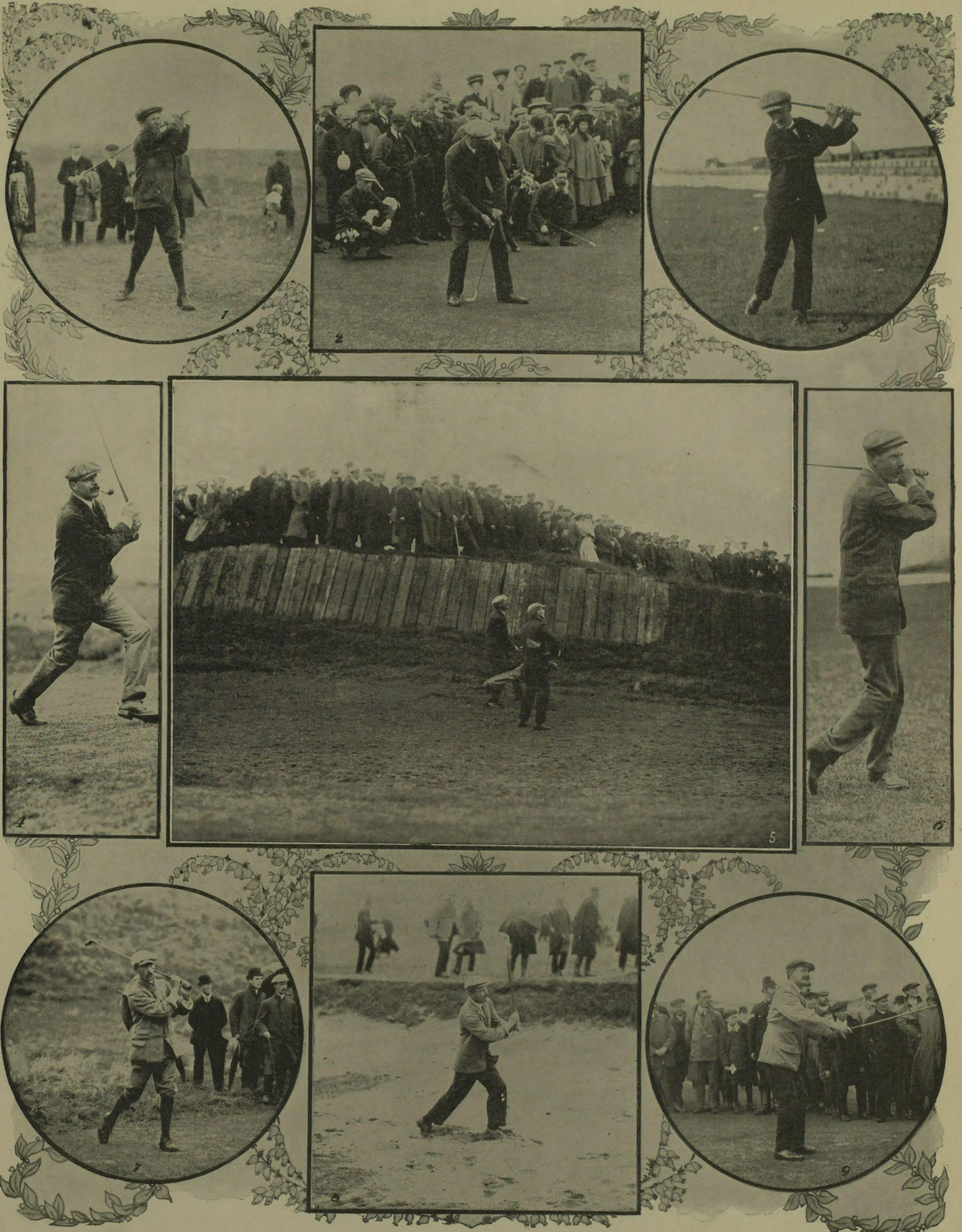
hospitals have existed in order to suppress opinion; prisons certainly have.

Fourth Reason: On the whole, people are better (physically) for going to hospitals when they are ill. It cannot be shown that they do better for going to prisons when they do ill.

Fifth Reason: Doctors are not, perhaps, always so noble as those tall, dark, manly young doctors of whom we read in novels. Still, most doctors are a very decent sort of men. Hospital nurses are not all such saintly representatives of Florence Nightingale as you would suppose from the threepenny novelette. Still, many of them are really ladies, and some of them are actually women. The suggestion of the novels is not entirely untrue. But no novel ever dared to suggest that the ordinary jailer was a Galahad, or that the ordinary female warder was a woman. The comparison is not

OPEN GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE FOURTH TIME: BRAID'S VICTORY.

HIS DIFFICULTIES, THE RUNNER-UP, AND OTHER COMPETITORS AT PRESTWICK.



1. THE PLAYER WHO MADE A RECORD SCORE IN THE TRIALS: MR. ANDREW.

4. JAMES BRAID, THE WINNER: 291.

7. THE HOLDER OF THE RECORD FOR THE COURSE WITH 68, E. GRAY.

2. BRAID PUTTING ON THE THIRD GREEN.

5. WHERE BRAID NEARLY LOST THE CHAMPIONSHIP: HIS BALL HITS THE SLEEPERS IN THE CARDINAL HAZARD.

8. ARNAUD MASSEY BUNKERED.

3. THE RUNNER-UP: TOM BALL, WEST LANCASHIRE, 299.

6. E. RAY, WHO FINISHED THIRD.

9. HERD, WHO FINISHED FOURTH.

On June 19 the Open Golf Championship was decided at Prestwick, when James Braid won for the fourth time. During the second round he very nearly lost the championship; for he got badly bunkered in the terrible hazard known as "the Cardinal." His ball hit the sleepers, and he only got out in five. Thereafter, however, he played a magnificent game, and finished with 291 for the three rounds.—[PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 4 BY SPORT AND GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS, THE OTHERS BY DIXON.]

A GREAT FRENCH ARTIST'S DRAWINGS OF THE LONDON SEASON—

DRAWINGS BY



THE GENTLEMEN RIDERS IN THE ARENA.

In spite of the great counter-attraction of motoring, horse-riding shows no sign of losing its hold upon British sportsmen, nor will it do so while hunting and horse-racing continue to flourish. Our illustration shows the gentlemen riders at Olympia during last week's great show.

Nos. III. & IV.: COMPETITORS AND SPECTATORS AT OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW.

SIMONT.



THE FASHIONABLE WORLD IN THE AUDITORIUM.

The exhibition of fine horses at Olympia was not attractive to men alone. Society elected to regard the Horse Show as a function of the first importance—as, indeed, it was—and the result was seen in the splendid and representative gathering of rank and fashion in the auditorium.



THE SUFFRAGETTES' LAUNCH OFF THE TERRACE.



MRS. DRUMMOND ADDRESSING MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE LAUNCH.

THE SUFFRAGETTES' NAVAL TACTICS: THE EXPEDITION TO CUT OUT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND ADVERTISE THE HYDE PARK DEMONSTRATION. Great amusement was caused to those who were on the Terrace of the House of Commons one afternoon last week by the sudden arrival of a launch in the waterway and a stentorian invitation to the Faithful Commons to attend Sunday's demonstration in Hyde Park and to vote for "Votes for Women." The river police promptly ordered the launch to make her way up stream.



London News Agency.

THE HYDE PARK SUFFRAGIST DEMONSTRATION: THE BUGLE AND MEGAPHONE SIGNAL.

At the great meeting on Sunday last Mrs. Drummond, who took a considerable part in the organisation and wore a Field-Marshal's cap, delivered a striking address. The signal at which every woman present was to shout "Votes for Women" miscarried, owing to the direction of the wind and the noise that the Suffragists, their supporters, and opponents were making.



Photo. Halfpence.

COMMEMORATING A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST: UNVEILING DR. BARNARDO'S STATUE.

At the Girls' Garden City, Barking, on Friday last, before a considerable gathering, the Duchess of Albany unveiled a memorial to the late Dr. Barnardo. Dr. Barnardo's devotion to the cause of the children makes the memorial particularly interesting, and the place of it is specially appropriate.



THE EASTERN GATE OF THE JUDGE'S HOUSE IN MUZAFFERPORE, WHERE THE BOMB WAS THROWN INTO THE CARRIAGE.



KHUDIRAM BOSE, WHO THREW THE BOMB AT THE KENNEDYS' CARRIAGE (PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OUTSIDE HIS CELL).



MRS. KENNEDY'S CARRIAGE AFTER THE OUTRAGE: THE BACK BLOWN OUT, THE SPRINGS AND WHEELS INTACT.

ANARCHY IN INDIA: THE BOMB OUTRAGE BY WHICH TWO ENGLISH LADIES WERE KILLED AT MUZAFFERPORE.

It will be remembered that a serious outrage was perpetrated at Muzafferpore on the night of the last day of April, when a bomb charged with picric acid was thrown into a carriage in which Mrs. and Miss Kennedy were driving home from the club. Both ladies were killed. Our Illustrations show the gate from which the bomb was thrown into the carriage, the man who threw it, and the carriage itself after the outrage. It will be seen that while the back was blown out the springs and wheels remain intact.



THE ADMIRALTY JUDGMENT AGAINST THE "GLADIATOR": THE "ST. PAUL" DIPPING HER FLAG AS SHE PASSED THE WRECK ON HER FIRST OUTWARD VOYAGE SINCE THE DISASTER.

On her outward journey the "St. Paul" passed what is left of H.M.S. "Gladiator," and dipped her flag half-mast. At the same time, the captain slowed down to watch the salvage operations.

WOMAN MORE MILITANT THAN EVER: SUFFRAGISTS IN HYDE PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 2 BY TOPICAL; 3 BY HALFTONES; 4 BY BOLAK.



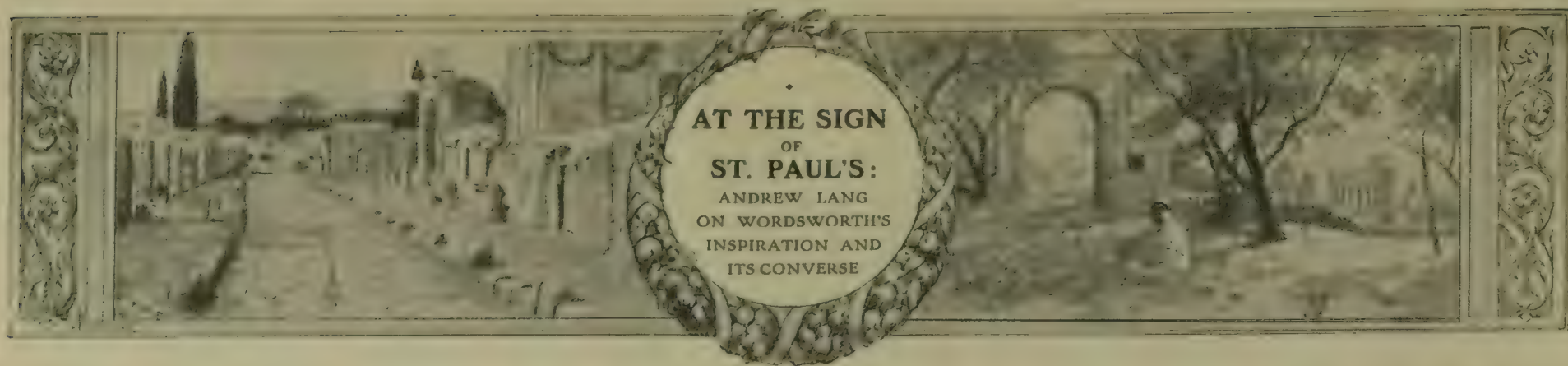
1. "WOMEN'S 'WILL' BEATS ASQUITH'S 'WON'T'": MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE AND MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL ZANGWILL IN THE PROCESSION.

2. MISS GAWTHORPE, MRS. MARTEL, AND MRS. SAUNDERS IN THE PROCESSION.

3. THE PRINCIPAL PROCESSION OF WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS LEAVING PARLIAMENT SQUARE FOR HYDE PARK.

4. THE CROWD OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE IN HYDE PARK.

The Suffragists held a very great meeting on Sunday last in Hyde Park, when more than a quarter of a million people were gathered together. Seven processions started for the park from various points in the Metropolis: Trafalgar Square, Victoria Embankment, Euston, Paddington, Marylebone, Kensington, and Chelsea. The proceedings were comparatively quiet and peaceful, and the ladies claim a great victory for the cause. Some six thousand policemen were on duty to protect Suffragists from hooligans and others.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was certainly one of the most remarkable men in our country. Had he been anything less, it would not be possible to fight so much over him, in an amicable way, as we do. If Mr. George Meredith, in his youth, did not speak of Wordsworth as a venerable donkey browsing on a common, my memory, after a period of fifty years, plays me a trick.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Herbert Paul writes on "The Permanence of Wordsworth," and, of course, Wordsworth is permanent. When the poet in him got the better of the other fellow in him, the normal Wordsworth, then he was inspired, and remains unexcelled.

Instantly one feels eager to do battle with Mr. Paul when he applauds to the echo Wordsworth's verses on the news that Charles James Fox was dying. What did Fox do for his country, that Wordsworth should say—

And many thousands now are sad,
Wait the fulfilment of their fear,
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear!

I cannot see where the glory came in. But William

That is "wherefore we should mourn," and we are not to be consoled by a pathetic fallacy about the tides, which have nothing to do with the matter in hand.

"To praise such a poem is impertinent," says the critic. To point out that it is not a good poem, and to give reasons for the opinion, seems

level of the worthy authors of the Scottish paraphrases. When he wrote—

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago,

his genius, his poetic guardian angel, his subliminal self, was doing the work. To put it plainly, Wordsworth had found a length.

Whatever we may think of Wordsworth, it is vain to deny that he had a kind of submerged sense of humour. I thank Mr. Paul for restoring my belief in human nature by the anecdote that Wordsworth, when Poet Laureate, once "engaged his son-in-law, Edward Quillinan, to write one of his official odes." Of Captain Quillinan I only know that Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a poem, says—

I knew his spirits low.

The lowest spirits must have been exhilarated when the Captain was set to "devil" an official ode.



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI IN 1570.

Frontispiece to Miss Sichel's "The Later Years of Catherine de' Medici."

By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Constable.

Wordsworth used to go to a rural church "and there prayed for the defeat of his country." If to be defeated is glory, and if Fox could have secured our defeat, Wordsworth would have received an answer to his most unsportsmanlike petitions.

It is not amazing that sturdy anti-Britons, like Hazlitt, called Wordsworth a renegade when he took to praying for "one hour of Dundee," who, whatever were his faults, was not unpatriotic. Wordsworth's new petitions were granted. He got not one hour but many years and a better general than Dundee—namely, the Duke of Wellington.

But, politics apart, the poem seems to myself to be by the normal and uninspired Wordsworth. He ends, at least the quotation ends—

But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this:
That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

Is this good poetry? Rhyme it is not; we do not "mourn." But we do mourn when Nelson, for example, "goes back," in the way quoted, because we cannot expect the ebb to be punctually followed by the flow, nor has the flow yet brought to human shores another Nelson.



A LOVELY WILMSHURST DRAWING OF A HEROINE IN FICTION.

Frontispiece to Mrs. Levenson's new novel, "Love's Shadow."

Reproduced by permission of the publisher, E. Grant Richards.

pertinent. The reasons would remain, even if C. J. Fox were a glorious heaven-sent being, because in that case the grounds for lamentation would be obvious, and could not be removed by a commonplace about ebbs and flows.

Wordsworth is one of the great proofs that genius is something from without, acting on an imperfect material instrument, in his case often out of tune. When he wrote the verse about

Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

his normal intellect was doing the business, on the



THE "THROUGH THE TELESCOPE" PORTRAIT OF MADAME ROYALE IN THE TEMPLE, OCTOBER 1795.

Portrait taken from the window of a house opposite the Temple.

Reproduced from G. Lenotre's "The Daughter of Louis XVI," by permission of Mr. John Lane.

Probably no man could pick out that ode from the rest of the official odes by the normal Wordsworth. Now nobody could fail to select any ode which Tennyson might have had done to order by a member of his family, or by any human being.

Simple as you see me, I think I could have done a number of Ecclesiastical Sonnets without being detected as other than the Simon Pure who prepared the rest of them. Lockhart tried his hand at Wordsworthian Sonnets on Wilson about to Take the Coach to the Lake Country, and he kept on the normal level. That is to say, on a normal, moral, solemn level, several hundred thousand feet below Wordsworth's supernormal level.

Mr. Paul, at bottom, appears to agree with me. The normal Wordsworth began, and wrote the title of "Lines Composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey on Revisiting the Banks of Wye during a Tour." The lines were worthy of the title till his supernormal self took hold of the pen, till "something far more deeply interfused," interfused itself into the poem. Who can say whether Wordsworth himself ever knew the difference between his least poetical and his most poetical performances? The odds are that he never did, except in the official odes.



THE COMPLETION OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: THE "GJOA'S" FIRST MEETING WITH WHALERS AFTER THE VOYAGE.

Captain Amundsen's account of his historical voyage has been published in two magnificent volumes, which will be reviewed in a later number.

Reproduced from Captain Amundsen's "The North-West Passage," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Constable.

TWENTY YEARS A DIVA: MME. MELBA'S 20TH YEAR AT COVENT GARDEN.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.



HAVILAND'S THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES, No. XVI.: MADAME MELBA, WHO GAVE A GREAT CHARITY CONCERT ON JUNE 24
IN HONOUR OF HER TWENTIETH SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photographs in the Border, No. 1 by Ellis and Walery, the others by Shadwell Clarke.

BELICOSE BEAVERS: A FRACAS IN THE BEAVER DAM AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.



SPOILING THEIR OWN SHOW: THE QUARRELSOME BEAVERS IN THE CANADIAN SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION.

One of the most amusing things in the Franco-British Exhibition is the beaver dam, which is drawing crowds of visitors. If the chief performers, however, are going on as they are doing the show will come to an end for want of actors. The beavers have been fighting furiously, even to the death, and now only four of them remain. The slain are said to have been eaten.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLEER.



THE COPERNICAN CONVOY — BY "Q."

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[The story is told by Will Fleming, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, and sometime Cornet of the 32nd Troop of Horse in the Parliament Army, then (December 1643) quartered at Farnham, on the Hants border.]

I.

I DARE SAY that, since the world began and men learned to fight, was never an army moderately prosperous and yet fuller of grumblers than was ours during the latter weeks of November and the first fortnight of December 1643. In part the blame lay upon our General, Sir William Waller, and his fondness for night attacks and beating up of quarters. He rested neither himself nor his men, but spent them without caring, and drove not a few to desert in mere fatigue. This was his way, and it differed from the way of my Lord Essex, who rather spilled his strength by lethargy and grieved over it. 'Twas notorious these two Generals loved not one another: and 'tis not for me, who never served under Essex, to take sides. But I will say this for General Waller—that he used himself as unsparingly as any common soldier, that he never forgot the face of a good servant; and in general fed his men well and hated arrears of pay like the devil.

Nevertheless, and hate it though he might, our pay was in arrears. Moreover, apart from their fatigue of marching and counter-marching, the bulk of our infantry had been drawn from the London train-bands—the Red Westminster regiment and the Auxiliaries, Green and Yellow, of London City and the Tower Hamlets; tradesmen, that is to say, who wearied to be home again with their wives and families after six months' separation, and others (such as the White Regiment of Auxiliaries) freshly drafted, that had scarce got over the remembrance of parting. These regiments, too, comprised many score of apprentices, whom Parliament allowed to count their time of military service as though it had been spent with their masters: and as apprentice and master marched side by side, and it often fell that the youngster won promotion, with leave to order his elder about, you may guess there were heart-burnings. Add to this that it kept these good citizens chafing to note how often (and indeed regularly) advancement passed them over to light on some young gentleman of family or "imp," as they growled, "from the Inns of Court."

We lay—in horse and foot some five thousand strong—well centred in and about the town and castle of Farnham, with a clear road to London behind us and in front a nearly equal enemy planted across our passage to the West. You may take a map with ruler and pencil and draw a line through from Winchester to Oxford, where the King kept

his Court. On the base of it, at Winchester, rested General Hopton's main force. North and east of it, at Alton, my Lord Crawford stood athwart the road with sufficient cavalry and Colonel Bolle's regiment of foot; yet farther north, Basing House, with my Lord of Winchester's garrison, blocked the upper path for us; and yet beyond, Sir Edward Ford's regiment held the passes of the hills toward Oxford; so that for the while, and in face of us, messengers,

and attenuated it at too great distances. This our General perceived, and nursed himself for a sudden blow.

Now I must mention that with the entry of December there fell the beginning of a cruel frost, that lasted six weeks and was enough to make this winter memorable without help of wars or bloodshed. At the first we all hailed it, as hardening the roads, which for a month had been high impassable: and either commander took speedy advantage of it—Hopton to make a swift diversion into Sussex and capture Arundel Castle (which was but a by-blow, for in a few weeks he had lost it again), and our own General to post up with his short, quick legs to London, where in two days he had wrung from Essex good reinforcements, with promise of pay for the troops and a consignment of leathern guns—a new invention and extremely portable. By the evening of December 5 he was back among us and dispatching us north, south, and east to keep the enemy jumping while our supplies drew in.

It was one of those night skirmishes or surprises that brought me promotion. For on the evening of December 10 our troop, being ordered out to beat up the neighbourhood of Odiham, on the way fell in with a half-squadron of the Lord Crawford's cuirassiers, and in the loose pistol-firing we took five prisoners and lost our Cornet, Master John Ingoldby. The next day we rested; and that morning, as I sat on a rusty harrow by the forge close beside Farnham Church and watched the farrier roughing my horse, our Sergeant-Major Le Gaye, a Walloon, came up to me and desired me to attend on Colonel Stuckey, who presently and with many kind expressions told me that I was chosen to fill the room of the dead Cornet.

Now this was flattering: and you may think with what elation of mind I took it, being eager and young (in fact, scarce turned twenty). But almost it jumped beyond my ambitions at the time. I was one of five sergeants of the troop, the unripest among them and already accounted lucky. I knew well that this advancement had passed them and reached me less for my deserving than because our Colonel preferred to have his commands carried by men of decent birth.

I knew the whole army to be sore already over fifty like promotions; and foresaw grumbling.

"I bear ye no malice"—this was the way that Roger Inch took it, our senior sergeant. "But you'll allow



Desired me to attend on Colonel Stuckey.

troops, even artillery, might pass to and fro without challenge.

This line of defence, though it forestalled us on every road, was weak in that it drew out Hopton's strength

'tis disheartening to be set aside for a lawyer-fellow that, a year ago, had never groomed horsehair but on his own wig." And so—but less kindly—the rest of my fellow-sergeants expressed themselves.

None the less they were ready enough, that evening, to join in drinking to my new honours. The place was the Bear Inn, in Farnham; the liquor, warmed ale; and I paid the scot. Towards midnight Sergeant Inch had so far forgot his rancour as to strike up his song of "Robin and the Night Owl"—"Robin," I should explain, being the Earl of Essex," and the "Night Owl" our own General, so nicknamed for his activities after dark.

We broke no regulations by this revelry, being allowed by custom, after a night in saddle, to spend the next as we chose, provided that we kept to quarters. For me, though I had done better in bed, snatching a little sleep, the time was past for seeking it. A picquet of ours had been flung out to westward of the town, on the Alton Road, and at twelve o'clock I was due to relieve it. So I pushed the drink around, and felt their grudge against me lessening while Sergeant Inch sang—

Robin's asleep, for Robin is nice;

Robin has delicate habits;

But "Who!" says the grey Night Owl, once, twice,

And three times "Who!" for the little shy mice,

The mice and the rats and the rabbits,

"Who-oo!"

At the close of every verse he mimicked an owl's call to the life—having in his young days been a verderer of the New Forest, on the edge of Bradley Plain; and at the end of his third verse, in the middle of a hoot, was answered by a trumpet not far away upon the road to Alton.

At the sound of it we sprang up, all of us, and two or three ran out into the street: for the beating up of quarters had become a bad habit with the two armies, useless as the most of us thought it. The night outside was freezing villainously: it struck chill into me after the hot room and the ale-drinking. The moon, as I remember, was high, shedding a soft foggy light down the roadway: and there, by the inn doorway, I stood for a minute or two, with my hand on my sword, peering and listening. To right and left, and from behind me, came sounds of men moving in their billets to the alarm and waiting, as I was waiting. But no noise of attack followed the first summons; and by-and-by I drew back as a brisk footfall broke the hush and came hurrying down to the doorway of the Bear, where it halted.

"Is that you, Fleming?" said the voice of old Price, our Welsh Quartermaster. "Then turn out quick to the West Gate! The enemy has sent in a trumpet in form, and you are to convey him up to the Castle."

Without delay I fetched my roan mare from the stable, mounted, and rode out beyond the West Gate to a point where the little river Wey runs close alongside the high road, and there I found the trumpet in converse with our piquet, and took stock of him by aid of the sergeant's lantern. He was a blackavised, burly fellow, with heavy side-locks, a pimpled face, and about the nose a touch of blue that, methought, did not come of the frosty air. He sat very high in saddle, upon a large-jointed bay, and wore a stained coat that covered his regimentals and reached almost to his rowels. A dirty red feather wagged over his hat-brim. As I rode up he greeted me with a jovial brotherly curse, and hoped—

showing me his letter—that we kept good drink at the Castle. "And if so," he added, "your little William the Conqueror may keep me so long as he has a mind to."

I told him, as we rode back and into Farnham, that Sir William, as a rule, made quick dispatch of business.



I stood for a minute or two peering and listening.

"He made pretty quick dispatch of it at Lansdowne," said my Cavalier, and started trolling a catch—

"Great William the Con,

So fast he did run,

That he left half his name behind him!"

Perceiving him to be an ill-bred fellow, and that to answer his jeering would be time wasted, I turned the talk upon his message.

his health on such a night as this, you may be sure 'tis on business of moment."

I questioned him no further. We rode through the park (the sentries taking my password), and came to the guard-room of the Castle, where, as we dismounted, the General's Quartermaster lounged out and called for a couple of men to take our horses. Then, learning that my companion brought a message from Lord Crawford, he made no delay but led us straight to the General's room.

Though the clock in the corner had gone midnight, the General sat in a litter of papers with a lamp at his elbow and his legs stretched out to a bright sea-coal fire. With him was closeted Colonel Pottley, of the London trainbands, and by the look of the papers around them they had been checking the lists (as two days later there was heavy court-martialing among the newly arrived drafts and cashiering of officers that had misbehaved in Middlesex).

"You come from the Earl of Crawford?" asked the General, not rising from his chair, but holding out a hand for the letter.

The messenger presented it, with a good soldierly salute; and so stood, pulling at his moustachios and looking fierce.

"Your name?"

"Sergeant Orlando Rich, of the Earl's Loyal Troop."

The General broke the seal, ran his eye over the paper, and let out a short laugh.

"His Lordship sends me his loving compliment and prays me to spare him a runlet of sack or of malvoisy, for that his own wine is drunk out and the ale at Alton does not agree with his stomach."

"Nor with any man's," corroborated Sergeant Rich.

"He promises to send me a fat ox in exchange, and—" the General glanced to the foot of the scrawl, turned the paper over, and found it blank save for the name and direction—"and that, it seems, is all. No talk of prisoners. . . . Truly an urgent message to send post at midnight!"

"If you had seen his Lordship's condition—" murmured Sergeant Rich.

"His Lordship shall have a full hogshead; but not by you"; the General shot a shrewd glance at the man and bade me step outside and summon the Quartermaster who waited in the corridor. "Quartermaster," said he, "convey this visitor of ours to the kitchens. Give him what meat and wine he demands. Let him depart when he will and carry as much as he will—under his skin. Meantime order out three of the pack-nags, and tell the cellarer to fetch up six firkins of the sack sent down to me last Thursday by Mr. Trenchard. Have them slung, a pair to each horse, and well secured—for the roads are slippery. And you, Master Fleming—"

I saluted; flushing, perhaps, a little with pleasure that he remembered my name.

"Do you mount guard to-night? Then we must find you a substitute. What say you to conveying this wine, with a trumpet, to my Lord Crawford? You may choose half-a-dozen of your troop to ride with you. The road to Alton cannot easily be missed; and, if it could—why, these night sallies are the best of training for a

young soldier. I doubt, Master Fleming, that since this morning, when I promoted you Cornet, you have heard talk that glanced upon your rawness, hey? Well, here is a chance for you to learn. For my part I call no man a finished campaigner until he can smell



The messenger presented it, with a good soldierly salute.

"The Lord Crawford sends for an exchange of prisoners?" I hazarded.

"The Lord Crawford does not waste a man of my talents in swapping of prisoners," was the response. "And when Orlando Rich takes the road and risks

his way through a strange country in the dark. You fancy the errand? Then go, and prosper: and be sure my Lord Crawford will treat you kindly, when he has once tasted my wine."

II.

The stroke of one in the morning, sounding after us from Farnham clock through the fine frosted air, overtook us well upon the road. I had made speed, and so had the Quartermaster and cellarer. As for Sergeant Orlando Rich, if he had not achieved speed he had at least made haste. Before I started my pack-horses from the guardroom door the cellarer came to me and reported him drunk as a fly; and stepping into the great kitchen for a slice of pasty, to fortify me against the night's work, I saw my hero laid out and snoring, with his shoulder-blades flat on the paved floor. So I left him to sleep it off.

A fellow of the General's own guard helped me lead my horses to the door of the Bear, and there I tumbled out my substitute, and six passably good troopers I had chosen to take with me. They were Carey, our youngest sergeant, and as good-natured a fellow as I knew; Randles, who stood well for advancement to the post my own promotion had left vacant; and four other privates—Shackell, Wyld, Masters, and Small Owens (as we called him), a Welshman from the Vale of Cardigan. To prime them for the ride I called up the landlord and dosed them each with a glass of hot Hollands water; and forth we set, in good trim and spirits.

For two miles after passing our picquet we ambled along at ease. The moon was low in the south-west, but as yet gave us plenty of light; and the wind—from the quarter directly opposite—though bitter and searching, blew behind our right shoulders and helped us cheerfully along. Our troubles began in a dip of the road on this side of the hamlet of Froyl, where an autumn freshet, flooding the highway, had been caught by the frost and fixed in a rippled floor of ice. We had seen duly to the roughing of our own chargers; and even they were forced at this passage to feel their steps mincingly; but the pack-horses, for whom I had only the Quartermaster's assurance, had been handled (if indeed at all) by the inexpertest of smiths. The poor beasts sprawled and slithered this way and that, and in the end, as if by consent, came to a

dismounting, led them and their own horses, foot by foot, on to sure ground.

For a mile beyond, and some way past Froyl, was safe going if we avoided the ruts. But here the moon failed us; and when Carey lit a lantern to help, it showed us that the carriers had no stomach left in them. One, though the froth froze on him, was sweating like a resty colt. The other two, if we slacked hold on their halter-ropes, would lurch together, halt, and slew neck to neck like a couple of timid dowagers hesitating upon a question of delicacy.

It was here that there came into my head the ill-starred thought of leading them off the road and through the fields close alongside of it on our left hand. The road itself I knew pretty well, and that it bore gradually to the left, all the way to Alton. Carey, whom I consulted, agreed that we could find it again at any time we chose. So, and without more ado, we opened the next gate we came to, and herded the beasts through.

The first two fields, being stubble, served us well; and the next, a pasture, was even better. Beyond this we had some trouble to find a gate, but at length Masters hit on one a little way out of our course, and it led to a wide plowland, freshly turned but hard-frozen, in the furrows of which our horses boggled a good deal. We pushed across it, holding our line in a long slant

back towards the loom of the tall hedge that (as we agreed) marked the course of the highway. On the far side of the plow this hedge ran down hill towards

us and more sharply than I had reckoned: yet before regaining it we had to cross another pasture. I was the surer that this must be the road because of a light that shone straight ahead of us, which I took to be the direction of Holbourne village. I should mention, too, that on our left all the way the ground descended in an easy slope, but the frost had bound the little river running below and held it silent.

Sure enough on the far side of the pasture we came to a gate, and Shackell, who was leading, announced that the highroad lay beyond. But a minute later he called to us that this could not be: it was too narrow, a mere lane in fact; and with that, as we pressed up to the gate, the mischief happened.

The cause of it was a poor starved jackass, that had been sheltering himself under the lee of the hedge, and now, as we all but trampled him, heaved himself out of the shadow with a bray of terror. The sound,

*Dragged my trumpet loose on its sling
and blew.*

bursting upon us at close quarters, was as a stone hurled into a pool. Round went our horses' runps and up went heels and hoofs. I heard Little Owens cry aloud that his nose was broken. "Catch hold of the pack-beasts!" I shouted, as they shied back upon us, and two were caught and held fast—I know not by whom; for the third, the resty one, springing backwards past me, almost on his haunches, jerked his halter wide of my clutch and in a moment was galloping in full flight down the slope.

With a call to the others to stand steady and wait for me, I wheeled my mare about and rode off in chase, to round him up. The almost total darkness made this hunting mighty unpleasant: but I knew that, bating the chance of being flung by a mole-hill, I had my gentleman safe enough. For, to begin with, he must soon find the pace irksome, with two firkin casks jolting against his ribs; and at the foot of the descent the river would surely head him off. To be sure it was frozen hard and he might have crossed it dry-footed, but the alders on the bank frightened him back, and presently I had him penned in an angle between hedge and stream. Here, as I slowed up and advanced to coax him, from out of the darkness behind him there broke suddenly a shouting and pounding of hoofs, and close in front of me (but hidden by the hedge) a troop of horsemen clattered down from the farther slope and up the lane where my comrades were gathered.

If for a moment I doubted what it all might mean, a couple of pistol-shots, followed by a loose volley that mixt itself with oaths and yells, all too quickly put this out of doubt. My men were being charged, without question or challenge, by a troop of the enemy, while separated by a quarter of a mile of darkness and stiff rising ground from me, who alone carried their credentials. Little need to say in what hurry I wheeled my mare about to the slope, struck spur, dragged my trumpet loose on its sling and blew, as best I could, the call that both armies accepted for note of parley. Belike (let me do the villains this credit), with the jolt and heave of the mare's shoulders knocking the breath out of me, I sounded it ill, or in the noise and scuffle they heard confusedly and missed heeding. The firing continued, at any rate, and before I gained the gate the fight had swept up the lane.

I swung out upon the hard stones and dashed after it. But the enemy, by this, had my fellows on the run, and were driving them at stretch gallop. To worsen my plight, as I pursued I caught sound of hoofs pounding behind and, as it seemed, overtaking me; supposed that a horseman was riding me down; and, reining the mare back fiercely, slewed about to meet



*I called up the landlord, and dosed them each
with a glass of hot Hollands water.*

pitiful halt, their knees shaking under them. So they appeared willing to wait and tremble until morning: but on my order Randles, Owen, and Masters,

that had been sheltering himself under the lee of the hedge, and now, as we all but trampled him, heaved himself out of the shadow with a bray of terror. The sound,

his onset. It proved to be the poor pack-horse I had left in the valley! He must have galloped like a racer; but now came to a halt, and thrust his poor bewildered face towards me through the darkness. Commending him to the devil, I wheeled about once more and struck spur; and as I galloped, he galloped anew behind.

This diversion had cost me a good fifty yards. I knew well enough that the lane sooner or later must lead out into the high-road, and made sure that, if my fellows gained it first, they would head back for

death where I lay, and even more surely on the road back to Farnham I must faint and drop and, dropping, be frozen. With that, I remembered the light we had seen shining ahead of us as we crossed the fields; and staggered along in search of it, after first groping for my morion, which had rolled into the hedge some paces away.

For a while, confused in my bearings, I sought on the wrong hand; but by-and-by caught the twinkle of it through a gate to the left, and studied it, leaning my arms on the bar. The house whence it shone could not be any part of Holibourne village, but must stand somewhere on high rising ground across the valley. I might reckon to reach it by turning back and taking the lane in which we had been surprised: but this meant fetching a long circuit. I was weakening with loss of blood, and—it coming into my mind that the river below would be hard—I resolved to steer a straight line and risk obstacles.

As it turned out, there were none, or none to throw me back. At the stream-side, holding by an elder-bough, I tested the ice with my weight, proved it firm, crossed without so much as cracking it, and breasted a bare grassy slope, too little to be called a down, where a few naked hawthorns chafed and creaked in the wind. Above it was an embankment rounded like a bastion, up the left side of which I crept—or, you might almost say, crawled—and, reaching the top, found myself close under the front of a dwelling-house.

It was coated with whitewash, the glimmer of which showed me the queer shape of the building even in the darkness. It

consisted of two storeys, both round as pepper-pots. Above the first ran a narrow circular thatch, serving as a mat (so to say) for the second and smaller pepper-pot. I could not discern how this upper storey was roofed, but the roof had a hole in it, from which poured a stray ray of light. Light shone too, but through a blind, from a small window close under the eaves. The lower storey showed none at all.

I rapped on the door. There came no response, though I waited and listened for a full minute. I rapped again and shouted; and was about to challenge for the third time, when the threshold showed a chink of light. Muffled footsteps came down the passage, and with much creaking the bolts were undrawn.

"Who knocks?" demanded a man's voice, somewhat shrill and querulous. "Cannot a poor scholar rest in peace, and at this time o' night?"

"In the name of Charity!" I urged.

He flung the door open and stood with a hand-lamp held high, surveying me: a little old man, thin as a rat, in skull-cap, furred gown and list slippers. The lamp shone down on his silvered hair and on a pair of spectacles he had pushed up to the edge of his cap; and showed me a face mildly meditative from the brow down to the chin, which by contrast was extremely resolute.

"More soldiers!" he observed testily. "The plague take it that they and the meteors must choose the same night to drop from heaven! How many of you, this time?"

I answered that I was alone, and would have added a word on my plight; but this, beneath the lamplight, he could not miss perceiving, for my face and the left shoulder of my buff coat were a mask of blood.

"H'm!"—he cut me short. "It may sound to you unfeeling: but if Heaven persists in sending me soldiers I had rather physic than feed them": and with that he stood aside as inviting me to enter. Be sure I obeyed him gladly, and, stepping inside, rested my hand for a moment against the jamb of a door that stood open to the right. The ray of his lamp, as he held it near to examine me, gave me a glimpse of the room within—of a table with cloth awry, of overturned flagons lying as they had spilt their wine-stains, of chairs and furniture pushed this way and that.

"So your predecessors have left me," said the old gentleman, catching the direction of my gaze and nodding. "Whether or no they have left me enough for the morning's breakfast is a matter my servant must discover when he comes over from Holibourne at daylight."

"They were Malignants, Sir, as I guess: the Earl of Crawford's men."

"Devil a groat care I what you call them, or they call themselves! I study the heavens and take no heed of your sublunary divisions. But they have eaten and drunk me out of house and home; at that hour, too, when the most meteors were predicted: and what is worse they invaded my garret in their clumsy jack-boots, and have thrown my Orchestra Cœli out of gear. I was mending it when you knocked. By the way," he added more kindly, "I can go on mending it while you wash your wound, which will appear less horrid when cleansed of all this blood. I have a fire upstairs, and hot water. Come."

He closed the outer door and, taking me gently by the elbow, half-supported me up the stairway, which was little better than a ladder, and led direct to the strangest room I have ever set eyes on.

It was circular—in diameter perhaps twelve feet—with a high conical roof. The roof had an inner lining of wood, and through a hole in it—where a

The night was cold.

Farnham. (What would befall me at that junction I left to Providence!) But some two or three of the enemy must have raced ahead and cut off that retreat; for when I came to it the way to the right lay open indeed, but the whole welter was pounding down the road to the left, straight for Alton. Again I followed, and in less than two hundred yards was pressing close upon three or four of the rearmost riders. This seemed to me good opportunity for another call on my trumpet, and I blew, without easing my speed. On the sound of it, one of the dark figures in front swung round in saddle and fired. I saw the flash and the light of it on his gorget and morion: and with that, the bullet glancing against my mare's shoulder, she swerved wildly, leapt high, and came down with forelegs planted, pitching me neck-and-crop out of saddle upon the frozen road.

III.

Doubtless the fall stunned me; but doubtless also not for more than a few seconds. For I awoke to the drum of distant hoofs, and before it died clean away I had recovered sense enough to take its bearing in the direction of Farnham. Strangely enough, towards Alton all was quiet. Sitting up, with both hands pressing my head, for just a moment I recognised the gallop for my own mare's. Another beat time with it. I asked myself, why another? She would be heading for home—wounded, perhaps—scared certainly. But why with a companion? . . . Then, suddenly, I remembered the poor pack-beast; and as I remembered him, all my faculties grew clouded.

Or so, at least, I must suppose: for of the sudden silence on the Alton road I thought not at all. What next engaged me was a feeling of surprise that, of my two hands pressed on my temples, the right was cold, but the left, though it met the wind, unaccountably warm—the wrist below it even deliciously, or so it felt until rubbing my palms together I found them sticky, with blood.

The blood, I next discovered, was welling from a cut on my left temple. Putting up my fingers, I felt the fresh flow running over a crust of it frozen on my cheek; and wondered how I might staunch it. I misdoubted my strength to find the lane again and creep down to the river; and the river, moreover, would be frozen. For a certainty I should freeze to



I answered that I was alone.

panel had been slid back—a large optic-glass, raised on a pivot-stand, thrust its nose out into the night. Close within the door stood an oaken press, and

beside it, on a tripod, a brazier filled with charcoal and glowing. A truckle-bed, a chair, and two benches made up the rest of the furniture: and of the benches one was crowded with all manner of tools—files by the score, pliers, small hammers, besides lenses, compasses, rules, and a heap of brass filings; the other, for two-thirds of its length, was a litter of books and papers. But the end nearest to the working-bench had been cleared, and here stood a mighty curious intricate mechanism of wheels and brass wire and little brass balls, with fine brass chains depending through holes in the board. My host flung a tender look at it across his shoulder as he stepped to the press to fetch basin and towel.

"The oaf has dislocated the pin of the fly-wheel," he grunted. "Praise Heaven, he never guessed that it worked on a diamond, or slight chance had my poor toy with his loutish fingers stuck in it!"

He filled the basin with water from a copper ewer that rested close to the brazier on a pile of folios, and set it to heat. "I doubt I must give up the meteors to-night," he continued, and went back to his machine, with which, I could see, his fingers were itching to be busy.

I asked, "Is that, Sir, an invention of yours?"

"Ay, soldier," he answered; "mine solely; the child of my brain's begetting." His hands hovered over the delicate points and wires. "And to be murdered thus by a great thumb-fingered drag-oneer!" With a lens and a delicate needle, he began to peer and prise in it; and anon, fixing the lens in his eye, reached out for his hand-lamp.

"To what use have you designed it, Sir?" I asked, after a while spent in watching him.

"To no use at all, soldier," he answered, more tartly. "The water is warm, and you can bathe your hurt and afterwards I will plaster it." While I laved my temple with the edge of the towel, between the drip of the water I heard his voice in broken sentences: "To no use at all. . . . Would a man ask the sun to what use it danced? . . . or the moon and planets? . . ."

I looked up, dabbing my wound gently. His voice had risen and stretched itself on a high, monotonous pitch. He was declaiming verse:

"Who doth not see the measures of the Moon?
Which thirteen times she dances every year,
And ends her Pavane thirteen times as soon
As doth—"

hey? Do you know the lines, soldier?" He stepped forward and peered close at my head while I shook it. "Tush! a cut, a trifle! Go on bathing. . . . The lines, Sir, were writ by Sir John Davies, the first of English poets."

"Indeed, Sir?" said I. "Now at the Inner Temple, before mixing myself in these troubles, I used to read much poetry and dispute on it with other young men. We had our several laureates; but believe me—and despise if you will—although we had heard tell of Sir John Davies, I doubt if one in six of us had read a line of him."

"Ay, indeed," he caught me up, "I have scarce read a line of any other. Having discovered him, I had no need. For allow me to observe—although

I know nothing about it—that in poetry the Subject is nine points of excellence: and, Sir John Davies having hit on the most exalted subject tractable by the Muse, it follows that he must be the most



Fetching a small medicine-box, he began to operate.

exalted poet. Let me tell you—if it will shorten argument—that in general, and in all walks of life, I hate the second-best."

"I have heard, Sir," said I, "that his masterpiece was a poem on dancing. But you must be thinking of another."

"Not at all, young man," my host replied, poring

Sure enough, bending over the basin, I heard a buzz of wheels, and looked up to see the whole machine springing like a score of whipping-tops gone mad, the brass balls swinging and rotating so fast that the eye lost them in little twinkling circles and ellipses, the wheels whirring and filling the room with their hum.

My astronomer had dived under the bench. I saw for the moment little more than his posterior and the soles of his list slippers. "You'll pardon me," I heard him grunt, and the speed of the machinery slackened as he attached a couple of leaden weights to the dependent chains. He backed, crawled out, and stood erect; adjusted his spectacles, and stood beaming upon his invention.

"But what is the signification, Sir?" I asked, rising from my chair and stepping close.

"Ah! You better—you better! It hath signification, not use: and it signifies the motion of the heavens. See—this larger ball is the sun; and here, on their several rods, the planets—all swinging in their courses. By a pointer on this dial-plate—observe me now—I reduce the space of a day to one, two, three minutes, as I chose, retarding or accelerating, but always in just proportion. 'Tis set for these December days; you will remark the sun's ambit—how it lies south of the zenith, and how far short it rises and falls from the equinoctial points. But wait awhile, and in a few minutes—that is to say, days—you shall see him start to widen his circuit. Here now is Saturn, with his rim: and here Venus—mark how delicately she lifts, following the motion of her lord—

Just with the Sun her dainty feet doth move.

and this is Dancing—Orchestra Cœli—the Dancing of the Firmament."

"Wonderful!" I cried.

"You shall say so, presently! So far you have only seen: now hear!"

He drew out a small brass pin from the foot of the mechanism, and at once it began to hum, on three or four notes such as children make with a comb and a scrap of paper.

The notes lifted and fell, and the little balls—each in his separate circle—wheeled and spun, twinkling in time with them, until my head too began to swim.

"It will run for an hour now," my host assured me.

"Indeed, with one to watch and draw up the weights at due intervals, it will run for ever."

"It dizzies me," said I.

"Your head is light, belike, with the loss of blood. Sit you back in the chair, and I will try now what may be done with ointment and plaster."

He forced me to seat myself and, fetching a small medicine-box from the press, began to operate. His

fingers were extraordinarily quick and thin, and so delicate of touch that I felt no pain, or very little: but though I lay with my head far back and saw the machine no longer, it had set my brain spinning, and the pressure of his hands appeared to be urging it round and round, while his voice (for he talked without intermission) mingled and interwove itself with the drone of the music from the table. He was reciting verses; from his favourite poem, no doubt. But though the sound of them ran in my ears like a



He was declaiming verse.

anew into his toy. "'Orchestra' is the name of it; the subject, Dancing. But what dancing!—the sun, the moon, the stars—Eh? Halleluia, but it goes again!"

brook, I can remember one couplet only—

And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right. . . .

I dare say that, yielding to the giddiness, I swooned: and yet I can remember no interval. The circles seemed to have hold of me, to be drawing me down, and yet down; until, like a diver half-bursting for breath, I found strength, sprang upwards, and reached the surface with a cry.

The cry rang in my ears yet. But had it come, after all, from my own lips? I gripped the arms of the chair in a kind of terror, and leaned forward, staring at my host, who had fallen back a pace, and stood between me and the lamp.

"Pardon me, Sir," I found voice to say after a pause. "I must have fallen into a doze, I think. My head—" I put a hand up to it and discovered that it was bandaged. He did not answer me, but appeared to be listening. "My head—" I repeated, and again stopped short—this time at sound of a cry.

It came from the night without: and at once I knew it to be a repetition of the sound that had aroused me. Nor was it, in fact, a cry, though it rose like a cry against the wind: rather, a confused uproar of voices, continuous, drawing nearer and nearer.

Then, as I stared at my host and he at me, the noise became articulate as drunken singing—"Tow, row, row! Tow, row, row! . . . Crop-headed Puritans, tow, row, row. . . . Boot and saddle, and tow, row, row!"—and, nearing so, broke into a riotous chorus

"Waller and Hazel-rigg, Stapleton, Scroop
Way! Make way for his Majesty's troop!
Crop-headed Puritans durstn't deny
His Majesty's gentlemen riding by,
With boot and saddle and tow-row-row!"

"Good Lord!" muttered my host, casting out his two hands in despair. "More soldiers!"

But by this time I had my hand on the door. "Guide me down the stairs," I commanded; "down to the door! And, before you open it, quench the light!"

By the time we reached the door the voices were close at hand, coming down the lane: and by each note of them I grew more clearly convinced.

"Sir," I asked in a whisper, "does this lane lead off from the road on the near side of Alton?"

For a moment it seemed that he did not hear me. "Pray heaven I dowsed the light in time!" he chattered. "Three visits in one night is more than my sins deserve. . . . Yes; the lane enters a half-mile this side of Alton, and returns back—"

"Well enough I know where it returns back," said I. "Man, did you bewitch them?—as, a while ago, you bewitched me?"

"Eh?"

I felt that he was peering at me in the dark.

"Something has bewitched them," I persisted. "Either the wine or that devil's toy of yours has hold of them; or the both, belike. These are the same

men, and have travelled full circle." I drew the door open gently and looked aloft. The night, before so starry, was now clouded over. The troopers—I could hear their horses' hoofs above the whoops and yells of their chorussing—were winding downhill by a sunken way within ten yards of me. A gravel path lay between me and the hedge overlooking it. This I saw by the faint upcast rays of the lanterns they had lit for guidance. I tip-toed across to the hedge, and, peering over, was relieved of my last doubt: for at the tail of the

was level with his stirrup did he guess that I was on him; and even so he could scarcely roar out a curse before I had my sash flung over him and with a jerk fetched him clean out of his saddle. As he pitched sideways, the lantern fell with a clatter and rolled into the hedge.

"What the devil's up with you, back there!" At the noise, I heard two or three of the midmost troopers rein up.

"Right! All right!" I called forward to them,

catching the horse's bridle and at the same time stooping over the poor fool—to gag him, if need were. He lay as he had fallen. I hope I have not his death to my account, and for certain no corpse lay in the road when I passed along it a few hours later.

"Right!" I called sturdily, deepening my voice to imitate that of my victim as nearly as I could match it—

"Crop-headed Puritans, tow-row-row!"

Still shouting the chorus, I mastered the reluctant horse, swung myself into saddle, and edged up towards my comrades.

"Carey! Shackell!" I called softly, overtaking them.

At the sound of my voice, they came near to letting out a cry that had spoilt all. Masters, indeed, started a yell: but Small Owens, whose bands I had fortunately cut the first) reached out a hand and clapped it over his mouth.

"How many be they?" I asked, as we rode.

"Twenty-two," answered Randles, chafing his wrists, "and all drunk as lords."

"If we had arms," said Carey, "we might drive the whole lot."

"But since you have not," said I, "we must pitch our attempt lower. In three minutes we shall reach the high-road; and then strike spurs all to the right for Farnham!"

But our luck proved better than we hoped. For as we drew near the exit of the lane, I heard a voice challenge. The chorus, which had lasted us all the way, ceased on a sudden, and was

taken up by a pistol-shot. At once I guessed that here must be help, and, feeling for my trumpet, found it and blew the call. Naked of weapons as my comrades were, we charged down on the rear, broke it, and flung it upon the darkness, where by this time we could hear the voice of Wilkins, our Sergeant-Major, bellowing above the tumult.

Within five minutes this double charge settled all. The pack-horses were ours again, with twenty-one inebriate prisoners. My mare, galloping home with the third pack-horse at her heels, had alarmed the picquet, and Wilkins, with twenty men, had turned out to scour the Alton road.

So while we secured our drunkards to the last man, I had leisure to bless my fortune.



I herded my two pack-horses along the road.

procession and under charge of one drunken trooper for whipper-in, rode all my poor comrades with arms triced behind them and ankles lamentably looped under their horses' bellies.

Even as they passed a thought came into my head: and the face of the whipper-in—seen dimly in the shadow of a lantern he joggled at his saddle-bow—decided me. I slipped off my sash, looped it loosely in my hand, and so, without waiting to say farewell to my host, slid down the bank into the lane.

Though I shot over the frozen bank a deal faster than ever I intended and dropped on the roadway with a thud, the trooper, bawling his chorus, did not turn in his saddle. I tip-toed after him, between a walk and a run, and still he did not turn. Not till I

IV.

By this time dawn had begun to grow in the sky behind us. I handed over the prisoners to Wilkins and Carey, and gave Wyld and Masters leave to return with them to Farnham: "for," said I, "they seem the weariest, and Shackell and Small Owens will serve well enough for escort by daylight."

Wilkins stared. "You are not telling me," said he, "that you intend going forward with that silly wine, and you in such plight!"

"There's my orders, to begin with," said I; "and—bless the man!—you don't suppose, after this night's work, I mean to miss the fun of it, now that the luck is turned and is running. As for the wine, Lord Crawford will get but three firkins for his hogshead; but if his rascals choose to play highwaymen upon a peaceful convoy, that is *his* look-out. And as for my plight, I shall present myself with these bandages and ask him what manner of troops he commands, that do violence upon a trumpet honourably sent to him and on his own petition."

And this (to shorten my tale) I did. With Shackell and Small Owens I herded my two pack-horses along the road to Alton, and arrived at the Earl's outposts without mishap and within half-an-hour past daybreak. There I sounded my trumpet, and was led without ado to his Lordship's headquarters.

I found him seated with his secretary and with a grave, handsome man, Colonel John Bolle, that commanded his regiment of infantry, and was killed next day defending Alton church. (I have heard, in the very pulpit.) This Colonel Bolle bowed to me very courteously, but the Earl (as one could tell at first sight) was sulky: belike by deprivation of his favourite drink. Or perhaps the ale he took in lieu of it—he had a tankard at his elbow—had soured on his stomach.

"Hey?" he began, frowning, as he broke the seal of my letter. "Are all General Waller's troopers in this condition? Or does he think it manners to send me a trumpeter in such trim?"

"My Lord," said I, "your wine and my poor self have come by a roundabout road, and on the way have been tapped of a trifle."

"By whom, Sir?"

"By certain of your men, my Lord."

"I'll hang 'em for it, then."

"I thank you, my Lord; but for that you must treat with General Waller." And I told him the tale, or so much of it as I thought was good for him.

At the close he eyed me a while angrily, with his brows drawn down.

"You are an impudent knave, Sir, to stand and tell me this to my face. Look ye here, Bolle"—he

"Give me a glass of it," I answered, and, as the servant filled and handed to me, "The wine, my Lord, came on your own petition and at your own risk, as I must remind you. Nevertheless, I will drink—to your long life, and better manners." I drank, set down the glass, and asked, after a pause, "May I go, my Lord?"

"You may go to the devil!"

I hesitated. "There was, as I remember, some little mention of an ox——"

"You may tell your master to come and fetch it," he growled.

Well, my master did fetch it, and with speed. That same night he assembled five thousand men without beat of drum in the park at Farnham, and at seven o'clock we marched off towards Basing. On the way to Crondall, we of the horse halted for an hour to let the foot regiments catch up with us, and all together headed down upon Alton. In this way, at nine in the morning, we came down upon the west of the town, while the Earl kept watch on the roads to the eastward; and charged at once.

I say that the Earl kept watch; but in truth he had put this duty upon his captains, while he still fuddled himself with our General's sack. He and his horse never gave fight, but galloped before us on the road to Winchester; along which, after close on an hour's chase, our trumpets recalled us as our infantry forced the doors of Alton church, and cut up Colonel Bolle's regiment that still resisted there. The Earl of Crawford left a good half of his wine behind, and two days later our General, who had sent for me, showed me this letter—

To Sir W. Waller.

SIR,—I hope your gaining of Alton cost you dear. It was your lot to drink of your own sack, which I never intended to have left for you. I pray you favour me so much as to send me your own surgeon, and upon my honour I will send you a person suitable to his exchange.—Sir, your servant,
CRAWFORD.

From this happy success it was my fortune, that same afternoon, to lead our troop back to Farnham. Coming on the way to the entrance of a lane on our right, I avoided the high road for the by-path. It twisted downhill to the river, crossed it, and by-and-by in a dip of the farther slope, brought me in sight of a round cottage of two storeys. No smoke arose from it, though the twilight was drawing in upon a frost that searched our bones as we rode. No inhabitant showed a face. But I waved a hand in passing, and I am mistaken if a hand did not respond from the upper storey—by drawing a shutter close.

THE END.



I had my sash flung over him, and fetched him clean out of his saddle.

swung round upon the Colonel, who had put forth a hand as though to arrest this unseemly abuse. "How do I know that this dog has not tampered with the wine? By God!" he broke out as a servant entered with a stoup of it, "I'll not drink it—I'll not drink a drop of it—until this fellow has first tasted it, here, in our presence."

I believe that I went white: but 'twas with rage.



I drank, and asked, "May I go, my Lord?"

BIRDS WHICH IMITATE DWELLERS IN FLATS: SOCIABLE GROSBEAKS AT HOME.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



WEAVER BIRDS, AND THE EXTRAORDINARY NESTS THEY BUILD UNDER A SINGLE ROOF.

The sociable grosbeak is so called from the fact that, instead of building a single nest, it has a habit of living in one of a series of nests built under one roof. The bird is remarkable for the way in which it weaves the material for its nest into a textile fabric, and for the extraordinary size and unusual shape of many of these structures. The sociable weaver, it may be noted, is known also as the republican weaver. The type illustrated comes from Africa.

STUDIES OF PUPPYHOOD.



ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NOEL FLOWER.

BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF THE HEROINES OF FAMOUS MODERN NOVELS.

DRAWN BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" SPECIAL ARTIST, G. C. WILMSHURST.



ISOULT LA DESIRÉE IN "THE FOREST LOVERS."

"Having, however, nothing to ask, she sat at these times in ecstasy inarticulate, her rags laid by for a season, looking long and far through the green lattice towards the blue, bent upon exploration of the joyful mysteries."—FROM "THE FOREST LOVERS," BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF THE HEROINES OF FAMOUS MODERN NOVELS.

DRAWN BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" SPECIAL ARTIST, G. C. WILMSHURST.



TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

"Then one can see the oval face of a handsome young woman with deep, dark eyes and long, heavy, clinging tresses which seem to clasp in a beseeching way anything they fall against."—FROM "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," BY THOMAS HARDY,



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NOEL FLOWER.

TRAVEL DE LUXE IN THE AIR: A POSSIBLE FUTURE FOR THE HOLIDAY TRAVELLER.

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG, R.I.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 27, 1908.—951

NO NEED FOR A FUNICULAR RAILWAY.—SCALING THE ALPS IN SAFETY AND COMFORT: A PLEASURE PARTY IN THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP.

The picture is an idealisation of what may be when such great machines as Count Zeppelin's come into use for tourist parties. Zeppelin's new air-ship made its maiden voyage last Saturday over Lake Constance. It carried fifteen passengers, among whom were the German Government representatives, who will watch the inventor's attempts to fulfil the conditions of the invention for the purchase of the air-ship by the German army for £100,000. The vessel, which is 426 feet long, rose, descended, and manœuvred easily, but it has still to fulfil the condition of making a twenty-four hours' voyage.

THE PAGEANT SEASON OF 1908 BEGINS:

CHELSEA TELLS ITS STORY IN LIVING PICTURES.



MAY-DAY DANCE IN CHELSEA FIELDS IN 1500 A.D.



THE SYNOD OF CHELSEA 786 A.D.



QUEEN ELIZABETH VISITS LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM AT CHELSEA. A.D. 1592.

The Chelsea Pageant, which is being held in the grounds of the Royal Military Hospital, begins with the Romans crossing the Thames at Chelsea in 54 B.C. The next episode is the Synod of Chelsea, 786 A.D., when Offa, the King of Mercia, met two legates of the Pope. The next is May Day in Chelsea Fields, 1500, which is followed by Henry VIII.'s visit to Sir Thomas More and the Chancellor's farewell to his Chelsea home. The following scene is laid at Chelsea Manor, and introduces Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey.—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATE PRAGNELL.

THE PAGEANT SEASON OF 1908 BEGINS:

CHELSEA TELLS ITS STORY IN LIVING PICTURES.



A MINUET OF CHELSEA CHIMNEY FIGURES.



ROYAL VENETIAN FETE AT RANELAGH GARDENS A.D. 1749. HEIDEGGER'S ARRIVAL.



CHARLES II AT CHELSEA.

—The sixth scene is the funeral of Anne of Cleves: and in the seventh Queen Elizabeth visits Lord Howard of Effingham. In the eighth Charles II. founds Chelsea Hospital at the bidding of Nell Gwyn: and the ninth scene, which is laid in the Georgian epoch, introduces Don Saltero's tavern and the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge. The tenth and last episode is a Royal Venetian Fête at Ranelagh Gardens. In it appears James John Heidegger, the extraordinarily ugly Master of the Revels to George II.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATR PRAGNELL.

A GREAT FRENCH ARTIST'S PICTURES OF THE LONDON SEASON—No. V.: FASHION ON THE RIVER ON ASCOT SUNDAY.

DRAWN BY SIMONT.



WAITING THEIR TURN: THE CROWD OF BOATS OUTSIDE BOULTER'S LOCK.

Ascot Sunday is one of the river's gala days, and though the early hours of the morning were more suggestive of December than June, the weather improved as the year's longest day ripened, and by the afternoon river-men were declaring that the gathering was the largest and brightest that the eight-year-old twentieth century has seen. Boulter's Lock was, of course, the centre of attraction, and the long range of boats waiting to pass through it never seemed longer than it did on

Sunday. The lock-keeper seemed unable to reduce the crowd appreciably, as he could not pass more than a couple of dozen boats through at a time. Happily, on such occasions as this nobody is in a hurry—indeed, some disappointment might be felt if the sojourn at Boulter's Lock were cut short. Although nearly a quarter of a million people were said to be demonstrating or looking on in Hyde Park, there seemed to be no reduction in the numbers that thronged to the river-side.

THE PAGEANT SEASON OF 1908 BEGINS:
WINCHESTER TELLS ITS STORY IN LIVING PICTURES.



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| 1. NELL GWYN. | 4. QUEEN EMMA, WIFE OF CNUT. | 7. A DRUIDICAL SACRIFICE INTERRUPTED. | 10. A GROUP OF THE STUART PERIOD. |
| 2. JANE LANE, IMPERSONATED BY ONE OF HER DESCENDANTS. | 5. ARCHBISHOP LANFRANC. | 8. A GROUP OF ROMAN SOLDIERS. | 11. ST. GILES'S FAIR. |
| 3. SATAN. | 6. THE INTRODUCTORY SCENE: A DRUIDICAL SACRIFICE. | 9. THE TROJAN HORSE: INTRODUCED INTO THE EPISODE OF HENRY VIII. | 12. THE SIEGE OF WOLVESEY. |

The Winchester Pageant is held in the grounds of Wolvesey Castle, the residence of King Alfred for twenty years. The scene is charmingly picturesque, and admirably adapted to the processions and episodes.—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

THE PAGEANT SEASON OF 1908 BEGINS:
WINCHESTER TELLS ITS STORY IN LIVING PICTURES.



1. A BRITISH NOBLE.
2 and 5. HERALDS OF CHARLES II.
3. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.
4. KING CNUT.
6. A ROMAN SOLDIER.
7. A HUNTING SCENE.
8. WAR-MAIDENS: WOLFESEY CASTLE
IN THE BACKGROUND.
9. A GROUP OF SAXON LADIES.
10. BISHOP SWITHIN, ALFRED'S
TUTOR, ALFRED AND QUEEN
EDITH.

The opening scene is a Druidical sacrifice, and other episodes portray events in the life of Alfred, his boyhood, and glorious reign. Other episodes, including the siege of Wolvesey, lead us onwards to the Stuart period and later times.

THE EARS OF A GOD: WONDERFUL PRAYER-TABLETS AND OTHER DISCOVERIES AT MEMPHIS.



1 and 2. HEAD OF A SUMERIAN OF BABYLONIA.
3 and 4. AN INDIAN HEAD.
5 and 6. HEAD OF A PERSIAN KING.
7. AN EAR-TABLET INTO WHICH VOTARIES PRAYED.
8 and 11. THE HEAD OF A SYRIAN.

9 and 10. HEAD OF A SCYTHIAN.
12. TABLET WITH EARS INTO WHICH THE VOTARY PRAYED.
13. AN EAR-TABLET.
14. THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE TEMPLE OF PTAH, MEMPHIS.
15. ANOTHER EAR-TABLET.

16 and 17. VARIATIONS OF THE EAR-TABLET.
18. AN INDIAN WOMAN.
19. A TRIAL PIECE IN QUARTZ SHOWING THE WORK OF A SCULPTOR'S PUPIL.
20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25. FOUNDATION DEPOSITS OF RAMESES II.

Professor Flinders Petrie's latest discoveries at Memphis are now on view at University College. The photographs on this page are described elsewhere. The most curious discovery was that of dozens of tablets engraved with prayers presented by private votaries. On them are carved ears, the meaning of which is shown by the inscription: "Pta, listen to the petition of So-and-so." Probably the worshipper prayed into the ears of the tablet, and then laid up his petition before the god for future attention.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE.]

A BEAUTIFUL CLASSICAL STUDY BY HENRY RYLAND.



AN OFFERING TO VENUS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY RYLAND.

"THAT ORBED MAIDEN, WITH WHITE FIRE LADEN."



LUNA.

DRAWN BY R. PANNETT.

“OUR TWO SOULS PERCEIVED NO PASSING TIME.”



TIME IGNORED.

WHERE FOOLS RUSH IN.



THE INTRUDER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

THE ORNITHOLOGISTS

BY OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

BADGER is an old beast in term time—he's the head-master, so, of course, he has to be—but he isn't half bad in the holidays. Tomlin and I have to stop at the school, because our people are in India, and he lets us do pretty well what we like, so long as we don't rag. Last Christmas he took us once to the circus and twice to the pantomime, and got people he knew to ask us to parties, and let us have one at the school. He was going to take us to the seaside this summer, but his mother was ill, and he had to go abroad with her. He seemed quite sorry for us, and said he'd come back as soon as he could.

"I will leave your pocket-money with Mrs. Ford," he said (she's the housekeeper, and it's double in the holidays), "and I shall not hold you to the usual bounds."

"Thank you, Sir," we said.

"But I trust to your honour not to go to places that you know I should disapprove of."

"We'd rather have bounds, Sir," I told him, and he laughed. He does sometimes, although he is head.

"And I would rather trust to you," he said. "On honour, mind."

That was jolly artful of him, because he knew we could break bounds while he was away, but we couldn't break "honour."

"Yes, Sir," I promised. So did Tomlin.

"It won't be so bad," he declared. "You can read any of the books in my study, if you're careful with them."

I looked at Tomlin and Tomlin looked at me; and he laughed again.

"I don't mean the hard ones," he explained. "There's all Dickens, and Scott, and Marryat, and Cooper, and Stevenson, and all those fellows on the shelves behind the curtain. And I've arranged with the town club that you can go to cricket practice in the evenings. I daresay they'll play you in the second eleven sometimes, and I've told them I'll pay the expenses; and—here's half-a-crown a-piece."

"Thank you very much, Sir," we said. "Can we come and see you off?"

"Of course you can," he said. "Thank you."

It seems a funny thing to say, but we missed old Badger rather, when he had gone. It wasn't so bad the first day, because we had the money to spend, and went to cricket in the afternoon; but the next day we were as dull as ditchwater. We didn't feel well either. Half-a-crown is rather much to spend on tuck, when you come to think of it afterwards. It upset Tomlin most, and he was so beastly disagreeable that I said I'd punch his head, but I didn't. We've been chums so long that I don't want to lick him if I can help it.

We felt rather better after dinner (there was jam roly-poly), but Mrs. Ford said we didn't look well, and she would give us some medicine at bed-time. We told her we were quite well, but we hadn't anything to do. She said we had better take a long walk, but we must keep away from the moors, because a convict had escaped from the prison (it is ten miles away, on the other side), and they had offered a hundred pounds reward. She showed us it in a newspaper, so we knew it was right.

We hurried through dinner without eating the last piece of pudding, and Tomlin asked if we could have tea

I am fourteen and in the upper fourth. So is he. "I wonder if a convict is hard to catch?"

"We haven't got to catch him," I pointed out. "It says 'information leading to his apprehension.' We've only got to find him and tell Snooker." He is the police-sergeant, and his real name is Brown, but there was one named Snooks, before my governor was at the school.

"Any convict who was worth anything would knock Snooker's brains out," Tomlin objected. But I said it didn't matter, because he hadn't any family; and I didn't believe he had any brains! So we went off to look for him—I mean the convict.

We thought at first we should know him by the broad arrows; but we saw in the paper that he had broken into an old-clothes shop, and taken a soiled suit, and a pair of dark spectacles. So we should have to know him by them instead.

We walked a long way over the moors and didn't see anyone, and we had almost given it up, and then Tomlin grabbed at my arm.

"Baggy!" he said. "Look! Look!"

I shaded my eyes with my hand, and saw what looked like an old man crawling on his hands and knees.

"Rot!" I said. "He isn't big enough for a convict."

"Convicts are all sizes," Tomlin contradicted; "and 'if he isn't, why does he want to crawl like that? They always do when they escape."

I thought there was sense in that. So we started on our hands and knees to stalk him. It was slow work, and when we got over the slope he had disappeared. The moor wasn't so moory there, because there were a lot of thickets and clumps of trees, and it was just the sort of place an escaped convict would choose to hide in.

We looked in two thickets and one clump. Then we got tired, and sat down to have a rest. We were discussing whether Badger would let us get a motor-car out of the hundred pounds, when we heard a voice that made us jump.

"Good-afternoon, boys," it said; and there was the escaped convict looking at us. We knew him at once, because he was disguised in a soiled suit and dark spectacles. He was rather short, and broad, and you might have thought he was an old gentleman, if he hadn't been so shabby.

"Good afternoon, boys," the voice said; and there was the escaped convict looking at us.

out and go straight to cricket, and she gave us nine-pence each. He can always get over her, because she says he is like her son when he was a boy.

"We could get a ripping lot of things with fifty pounds each, Baggy," he said, when we got outside. They call me that, because my name is Bagshawe.



I gave Tomlin a nudge to shut his mouth, because it was wide open, and answered politely, as if I didn't suspect anything.

"Good afternoon, Sir," I said. "We've been looking for—for larks' nests."

"Larks' nests?" he said. "Eh?" I could tell he suspected me from the way he said it. "So have I." He evidently thought I suspected him.

"Have you found many eggs?" I asked.

"Eggs?" he said. "It's too late for eggs this year. And I shouldn't take their eggs—poor creatures. No, no! I am merely studying their habits. I am an ornithologist. Do you know what that is?"

"A bird-catcher," Tomlin suggested; but the convict shook his head.

"I would not deprive any bird of its liberty," he said, "not even a jail-bird." Tomlin nudged me. "*Ornis* is a bird, certainly, and the genitive is *ornithos*; but how about *logos*?"

We stared at one another. It seemed funny for a convict to know Greek.

"*Logos*, a word," I said. We do Greek in the fourth.

"Right," said the convict, "right! That is its original meaning. Then it comes to mean the sciences or studies expressed in words. The Greeks attached too much importance to words and too little to the things themselves. Ornithology is the study of birds; and an ornithologist is one who studies them. Now do you understand what I am?"

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"You are quite sure?" he asked. He frowned and looked at us over his spectacles; and I knew that he wanted to see if we suspected him.

I said I was quite sure, so did Tomlin. But he wouldn't believe us till we said it all over to him as if it was a lesson. Then he left off frowning and rubbed his hands.

"The study of larks," he said, "presents some difficulties. It is necessary to approach them in a somewhat undignified manner; in fact, to crawl. I have been trying all the morning to get near enough to watch them feed their young. Which reminds me"—he rubbed his hand across his waistcoat—"that I should be better for some food myself."

Tomlin and I looked at one another. We expected he hadn't had much to eat since he escaped.

"I've some biscuits," I said, "and I don't want them."

"Neither do I," said Tomlin.

I gave him five biscuits and Tomlin gave him three. He pretended that he didn't like taking them, but he ate them as if he was jolly hungry.

"You see," he explained, "I've been confined to my house for the last few days, and I thought if I went back my housekeeper might object to my coming out again."

He chuckled, and Tomlin and I jogged one another.

"Where—" I began. Then I thought I'd better not ask.

"Where is my house?" he said. "Let me see? Over there." He pointed in the direction of the prison. He evidently thought we didn't know anything about it.

"Have you lived there long?" Tomlin inquired.

"About three years," he said.

Tomlin trod on my toe. The paper said that the convict had nearly completed half of his term of seven years. It was robbery with violence, so we knew we had to be careful. He was strong-looking when you noticed him, though he was old.

"We must be getting back to school," Tomlin said.

He looked at us very sharply.

"School?" he said. "Isn't it holiday time?"

We explained about our stopping in the holidays. He didn't say that he didn't believe it, but he looked rather suspicious.

"Umph!" he said. "People in India, and master away, eh? Then there's no one to miss you, if you're a bit late. Come along with me, and I'll show you some larks' nests."

Tomlin looked at me, and I looked at Tomlin. We thought he had made up his mind to murder us. So we picked up two broken pieces of tree branches to use for clubs, if he attacked us, and watched him carefully. We were nearly as big as he was, and we didn't think we'd be easy to kill, so we followed him. We were half inclined to knock him over the head and capture him, but we didn't quite like to, because he seemed rather like an old gentleman, if he *was* a convict.

He showed us five nests, and some of the young ones couldn't fly yet, and he explained all about them. We could tell that he knew an awful lot before he was put in prison. It made us feel rather sorry for him to hear the way he talked about the birds and the cruelty of putting them in cages.

"Sometimes," he said, "I am tempted to take some of these little ones, and carry them home, and shut them up to study them. It would save me a lot of trouble; but it would be prison to them, don't you see, my boys; prison! Just try to think what that means—*prison*!"

"You could give them lots of—of seeds," I told him.

"Seeds!" He lifted up his hands. "Life isn't 'seeds,' my lad. What's the use of all the good things in the world to a prisoner?"

"They might get used to it," I suggested. "Some people don't mind. There was a man wrote something about it—it's in our 'rep' book—What did the chap say, Tomlin?"

"Freedom in his mind, or some rot of that sort," Tomlin said. "Chaps who write poetry will say anything!"

"Ah!" said the convict. "I know. 'Stone walls do not a prison make, Or iron bars a cage.' He didn't mean it, boys. He was pretending that he didn't mind to console the lady he wrote the verses to; but he did. Give me liberty and a crust—or your good biscuits!"

He rubbed his waistcoat again when he said biscuits, and we gave him all we had left. He asked if we often came that way; and we said very likely we were coming the next afternoon; and he nodded and said he should be glad to see us. We knew he wanted us to bring some more biscuits.

Tomlin didn't say anything till we got off the moors. Neither did I. Then he gave a sort of grunt.



We expected he hadn't had much to eat.

"If we don't get the reward, somebody else will," he said. "But I wish he wasn't such a decent sort of convict."

"He can't be really," I said, "because he 'robbed with violence,' you know. It was a rich old gentleman in a railway carriage. So it's our duty, of course, to catch him—We might let him have till to-morrow?"

Tomlin agreed. So we didn't tell anyone that night; and the next day we thought we'd better make sure that he was still there before we told Snooker. We took some biscuits and jam-roll (the pantry door was open), and a bottle of milk. We thought we would give him a good feed before he was caught, but we didn't mean to be put off by his talk about liberty, because it was our duty, and when a reward of a hundred pounds is offered, you ought to do it; and birds didn't "rob with violence," and he had.

He grinned all over his face when he saw us, and shook hands. When he saw the food he laughed right out loud.

"You must think I am in a perpetual state of starvation," he said. "I *have* forgotten my lunch again,

to-day, and I was just feeling as if, for two pins, I'd eat a lark? I shall owe you a tremendous debt soon, but I'll—no. I won't say I'll pay it. One doesn't want to get out of debt for kindness. We're always in debt to the world, my boys; always in debt to the bank of kindness. If only people would think more of that bank, and less of money. . . . Ah! . . . Never be greedy of money, boys. You don't know where it may lead you."

We thought of the robbery with violence, and looked at one another. He seemed as if he had been good before he was bad.

He really was awfully interesting that afternoon. He told us how he went bird-nesting when he was at school, and about the birds and animals he saw when he travelled, and how he wanted to go down to the sea-side and study sea-gulls.

"I wonder if your master would let me take you boys," he said, "if I wrote and asked him? I daresay he knows my name."

We expect he was only saying it to persuade us to bring him more biscuits; but we thought perhaps he really would if he could. I felt rather sorry for him. So did Tomlin. He showed us some rabbits' holes, as well as birds' nests, and told us how he once found some snares that men had set and destroyed them. They had their funny, furry little lives to lead, he said, and he would put no living creature in a hutch.

"Think of them poking their poor little noses against the bars," he said. "Death is better than prison; a thousand times better."

We stayed there talking to him till nearly five, so we had to run to get our tea before the cricket practice started. We had just got our second wind, when we saw four men. They were dressed in a sort of uniform, and they had guns, so we knew at once what they were. I looked at Tomlin, and he looked at me. He didn't say anything. Neither did I.

"Hi, youngsters!" one of them called.

"Have you seen a man about here?"

Tomlin pretended he hadn't got his breath. So I had to answer.

"What sort of a man?" I asked.

"A short, stoutish-looking chap; escaped convict. Haven't you heard about him?"

"Yes," I said. "There's a reward, isn't there?"

"That's it. You'll come in for something handsome, if you can put us on him. Wearing a dark greysuit and coloured specs most likely. Seen anyone of that sort?"

"No," I said.

"No," said Tomlin.

"Then why didn't you say so, instead of wasting our time?" the man growled. "Come along, chaps. We'll try those trees."

He pointed to the very place where we had left him, and they started off for it. Tomlin looked at me again, and I looked at him.

"Hi!" I shouted. "It's no use trying that one. We've been there all the afternoon."

"There was a man went over *there*," Tomlin said, pointing to the thicket that was farthest away, "crawling on his hands and knees. We didn't think he was a convict, but—"

"That's him!" the man yelled; and they started off at a run. So did we.

We didn't go to cricket after tea, but walked along the banks of the river, and talked things over. There is a shed at the edge of the playground to keep the roller in, and no one goes there in the holidays. We thought the convict could come in the dark, and we could get Mary to lend us a disguise for him. She's the upper housemaid, and she looks after the fellows when they're sick, and she'll do anything for you, and doesn't mind chaffing. Nobody would know him if he dressed up in her clothes, and we expected he would reform and get rich and marry her, if she broke it off with Grice the painter.

She was at the side gate when we got home—I mean, to the school—looking down the road. She pretended it was for us, but we knew better.

"I thought someone had stolen our little lambs," she said, "though I don't know who would."

"Grice might," I suggested. "He's always hanging round here after *something*."

"Go on with you!" Mary said. "You're twenty minutes late, and I'm to tell Mrs. Ford the exact time you came in."

"What time *did* we come in, Mrs. Grice?" Tomlin asked.

"Ten to nine, Master Impudence," said Mary.

"*What* time, Mary," I asked—"Miss Mary?"

"Twenty to nine," she said, with a grin.

"What time, Mary dear?" asked Tomlin.

"Mary *darling*?" I said.

She tried to box my ears, but I ducked.

"You came in at the stroke of the half-hour," he said, "if you go straight in and don't bother me any more. She won't notice, because she's got her nose in the paper. She's reading all about that convict that they've just caught again, Mr. Brown says—poor fellow!—and— Gracious! How pale you boys have turned! What have you been eating?"

"Nothing," I said. "I—I'm rather fagged, Mary."

"Beastly fagged!" said Tomlin.

Then we ran in. I never saw old Tommy look so queer. I felt queer too.

"And we haven't got the reward, even," I said.

"I'm—I'm jolly glad of that," said Tomlin.

"I'm—I'm jolly glad too," I said, "I—he—the rabbits—"

"Shut up!" said Tomlin.

Mrs. Ford talked about it all supper-time. It was a great mercy, she said, and no doubt they would increase his sentence; and she hoped it would be a warning to us. We said we were tired, and could we go to bed. She said "Certainly!"

Mary had put some toffee on the wash-stand (she makes prime toffee), so we sucked it and didn't have to talk. I couldn't go to sleep for a long time because Tomlin kept making noises as if he was choking. I made up my mind that I would never keep rabbits or birds.

Mrs. Ford kept reading bits about it in the newspaper at breakfast. We were late on purpose for dinner, so Mary gave it to us instead. She said she was sorry about "the poor man," and she would have helped him to escape, if she could, and lots of people got things they didn't deserve.

"Like Grice!" I said. "If he doesn't treat you well, just tell me Mary, and I'll punch his head!" This was a joke, because he is over six feet.

Tomlin said he should have to do it anyhow, because he had always meant to marry Mary himself.

Mary said we were the cheekiest little wretches she ever knew, and she'd never do a thing for us again; but she gave us the last of the toffee, after dinner.

We didn't know what to do, so we thought we'd go to the moors, and perhaps we might find some snares for rabbits and destroy them.

We went to the usual place, and sat down where the convict always sat. We were wondering about him, and we heard a noise and looked up—and saw him coming! I rushed at him, and so did Tomlin.

"You'd better hide somewhere else," I said. "They're sure to look here. How did you escape again?"

"Escape again?" he said. "Whatever do you mean?"

"You needn't mind us," I told him. "We knew who you were all along. *We* didn't tell them, did we, Tomlin?"

"Of course not!" Tomlin agreed. "We said you weren't here at all, but right over there; and we've got a jolly good plan for you to escape. It's the shed in the playground, and you can easily get over the railings. We'll meet you when it's dark and show you."

"You can stop there for a few days," I explained, "and Mary will lend you some of her clothes for a disguise. We haven't asked her, but she said she was sorry you were caught, and she'd have liked to help you, and you can go to London by train, and

nobody will know you're a con—, I mean a man. I suppose you'd reform and never do it any more, wouldn't you?"

He took off his spectacles and wiped them and looked at us.

"Do *what*?" he asked.

"Robbery with violence," said Tomlin.

He stared at us for a moment. Then he

"Now do I look like a convict?" he asked.

"An escaped convict?"

And then we saw what fools we were!

"We—we thought it was a—an awfully good disguise," said Tomlin. I didn't say anything. I expected he would tell the police. But he didn't seem a bit angry.

"You thought I was a convict, eh?" he said.

"And there was a reward on my head? And you wouldn't take it and send me back to prison?— Tell me about it, boys."

So we told him. We were very careful to say that we thought he seemed a very gentlemanly convict. When we finished he put his hands on our shoulders.

"So you thought I would reform?" he asked. "And marry Mary. I am afraid I am too old a bird for a cage; but I'll certainly reform! Suppose I begin by writing to ask your master if I may take you both to the sea-side. If he answered promptly, we might start in three or four days' time. What do you say to that?"

I grinned at Tomlin, and he grinned at me.

"If you ask Mrs. Ford, Sir," I suggested, "we might start to-morrow!"

He did; and we did.

We had a jolly good time, and went out in a boat every day to look at sea-gulls and to fish. They are not like birds, so it is all right to catch them; but it is not easy. I shall not be a fisherman when I grow up, but an ornithologist or a nigger minstrel.

Badger came down and stayed with us for a week when he got back. He called us "the bird-catchers," and laughed a good deal about it, but he promised not to tell the fellows. He asked the Professor to stay at the school for the end of the holidays. (He is a real Professor and an F.R.S. I think it means something about ornithology.)

Mary got married the last day of the holidays. We went to the wedding, and the day before we gave her a tea-service. We put three-and-six each, and Badger and the Professor lent us the rest. Badger gave her a clock, and Mrs. Ford gave her a dinner-service. The Professor gave her a silver tea-pot, and a coffee-pot as well; and she was very surprised, because she didn't expect he would give her anything.

"It is the offering of an old bird that has kept out of the cage, Mary," he explained.

She laughed very much, because we had told her about it. (She said we were little sillies and he was old enough to be her grandfather.)

"You never know what might come about, Sir," she said. "You may be caught yet!"

"Yes," he agreed.

"If anything happened to Grice, I should begin to get nervous!"

She laughed more than ever.

"I'm bespoke by Master Tomlin, Sir," she told him; "and I've some hopes of Master Bagshawe! And I wouldn't put a bird in a cage if he wasn't willing!"

"Not even a jail-bird," said the Professor.

"Not if he didn't deserve it," Mary declared.

"Ah!" said the Professor. "I hope Grice does."

"Yes, Sir," said Mary. Then she turned red and curtsied, and ran out.

I don't see myself what Grice had done

to deserve it—he never did anything wrong that I heard of. But I don't think it's the same as catching a bird really. If I was a man I'd rather be married than put in prison. So would Tomlin.

THE END.



We went out in a boat every day.



He took off his spectacles and looked at us.


LONDON IMITATES BLACKPOOL: EVERYBODY'S BALL-ROOM AT EARL'S COURT.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE WALTZ: IN THE GREAT PUBLIC DANCING-SALOON AT THE HUNGARIAN EXHIBITION.

The building which stands in the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition, and was once the Summer Theatre, has now been turned into a ball-room, and there all who will are at liberty to dance. Many couples take advantage of the facilities offered them, and gain much enjoyment thereby.



THE LAST SALUTE

By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY CYRUS CUNEO.

"TWO 60cks, Emile," said Octave Jaubert, as the clock struck, and he saw Jean Pilon cross the Rue de la Grosse Horloge.

"Bien, monsieur."

Emile showed his teeth in a smile. Day after day, for nearly sixteen years, Jaubert and Pilon had met at the same hour in the Boule d'Or. Sometimes it was to discuss the morning's news; sometimes (and then Emile listened) to talk of that bygone youth of theirs, that long and glorious day which dawned on the white roofs of Marabout and closed in fiery sunset on a Flemish battle-field. Under a Citizen-King, who liked his umbrella better than his sword, young France had to warm its hands at the camp-fires of a dying generation. Emile was never tired of listening to these tales of the old

Russian snows. Now they looked back across the ever-widening desert of inactive years and saw that splendid youth like a mirage—mosques, temples; armies, palaces all colour, movement, glitter; all, alas! unsubstantial—the flimsy fabric of a glorious and unforgotten dream!

Jean Pilon entered the café. He was out of breath. It was a hot day; he had been hurrying; tiny beads of perspiration stood on the grey hairs which sprouted from the slope of his great nose.

"Ah, Octave! Good morning, Emile. *Saperlipopette!* It's as hot as Talavera." He wiped his brow and nose with a great handkerchief.

"Well, what's the news?"

"News? What news do you expect nowadays?" growled Jaubert. In 1831, one did not read every day of a victory, of deeds of valour, of the deaths of heroes, of new invasions, of Kings made or uncrowned.

"Give M. Pilon the paper, Emile. You won't find your name in it, Jean. I expect Madame the Ministress of War has a new baby—or perhaps the King has established a new military order of the umbrella."

"Old grognard," chuckled Pilon, as Emile put the *Journal de Rouen* in his outstretched hand. He paused in the act of opening it. "By the way, Octave," he said, "we must drink to the memory of the Niemen to-day. It's the anniversary of our forcing it at Kowno. I remembered when I was shaving."

Jaubert put his hand to his brow. "I ought not to have forgotten. It was on June the 24th that—that little Raoul—"

"Ah!" said Pilon, and was silent.

"He'd have been twenty now. How the years pass!"

"My memory's going too, I think."

"I'm afraid it is, Octave. That letter to my daughter, now—"

"Oh, you don't forget that." Jaubert flushed a little. "I expect you'll thank me for not posting

that, Jean, when the list comes out, and you see I've saved your money. Old fool, you, throwing away your francs in lotteries at your age!"

"The list ought to be out soon."

"When it is, you'll thank me. What number did you choose?"

Pilon took out a crumpled slip of paper. "Five-two-three-nine," he read out. "Austerlitz year, my regimental number, and the number of our engagements."

Jaubert made a rough calculation. "You've got it wrong, you've got it wrong!" he chuckled, rubbing his hands. "You've no head for figures, Jean. You're wrong by one."

Pilon scratched his head, and looked at the figures incredulously.

"So I have," he muttered. "Well, no matter; you forgot to post the letter." He took up the paper.

"Well, what news?"

"Soult's made a speech. The Mayor of Rheims has broken his leg in Paris."

"What a tragedy!"

"Ah, history ended sixteen years ago."

"Only ten, Jean. If the Man had lived—if Napoleon had lived, I say—what? The list's out?" Jaubert sprang up. He bent over his friend excitedly; together, their fingers traced out the winning numbers.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Jaubert.

They looked at each other.

"Five-two-three-nine," read out Pilon incredulously.

There was silence for some seconds. You could almost hear the ticking of the great clock across the street.

"Fifty thousand francs!" whispered Pilon. "Fifty thousand francs!"

"Jean, Jean, old friend, you must forgive me. This old fool of a head!" He tapped it savagely. "It was that sabre-cut, I think; I never have been able to remember. After all, someone else might have bought the ticket first in Paris. Your daughter might not have been able to get that number. Jean—"

"Fifty thousand francs!" whispered Pilon.

He rose slowly. Those gold-loving Norman eyes of his, under their shaggy brows, looked beyond his friend, whose face was red with self-reproach. "But who could have known?" Jaubert was muttering to himself. "And a mistake in the figures, too!" It was a blow, undoubtedly. He put his hand on Pilon's arm. "Fortune of war, old comrade," he said. "Come, it's only lost on paper. Oh, I know it's all my fault. Still, you're no poorer than you were five minutes back—not a sou."

Pilon wheeled on him sharply, almost fiercely. "Lost on paper!" he cried, and his voice was husky and unnatural. "It was mine, mine, I tell you; there's the number." He thrust at it with a trembling finger.

"You say I'm no poorer! I should have been a rich man; I ought to be. I could have bought my cottage, and the field I've wanted so long; I could have sent money to my daughter in Paris—I could—I might—"

"Come, you make it bad for me, Jean," said Jaubert, mopping his brow.

"I should have had it in gold—all in gold!" Pilon's fingers moved, as if burying themselves in

"It was mine, mine, I tell you; there's the number."

campaigns. What hadn't they done, those two! What hadn't they seen, when Emile, still unbreeched, played in the shadow of St. Ouen! When they were his age they bore the scars already of many wounds; already M. Jaubert's long legs and M. Pilon's short, thick legs had carried their owners from Egypt to the

piles of glittering coin. "It's what I've dreamt of—and—and now! Oh! why didn't you post that letter? Why didn't I—I myself? But I thought I could trust you. I wasn't well; and I asked you specially not to forget—"

"Well, it's done now, at all events," said Jaubert, a little shortly. His forgetfulness had done Pilon a real injury; he reminded himself again of that; but it was difficult not to retort with some warmth. "I've said I'm sorry. I can't give you fifty thousand francs, or I would. It's hard luck, but you said enough when I told you I'd forgotten. Perhaps," he continued, flaring out as Pilon continued his querulous reproaches, "perhaps another time you'll send off your own letters."

Pilon took his hat down from the rack. "I promise I'll never trouble *you* again!" he snarled over his shoulder. He went out, muttering, "Fifty thousand francs!" under his breath. His footsteps on the cobbles and the savage stumping of his stick died away.

"Curse this temper of mine!" growled Jaubert, clapping on his hat. "No wonder he's angry. I'll follow him up." But he stopped at the threshold. "Oh! he'll come round again to-morrow," he thought, and, sitting down again, drank his beer moodily.

Jean Pilon, thumping homewards, brooded on his grievance and his disappointment. Fifty thousand francs! His stick and his footsteps beat it out like a refrain. Everything reminded him. In the shop windows, he saw the goods which his wealth might have purchased. He divided the sum into sous; he spread it out over the years of life which might remain to him; he thought of the envy of his neighbours, and remembered that prosperous nephew of his at Havre, who was half ashamed now of his old uncle, but would have changed his tone soon enough at the first rumour of his success. Some of his acquaintances nodded to him as he passed. "I could have bought his house!" thought Pilon. "I could pay him his wages for fifty years." If Jaubert had posted that letter, people would have been nudging each other, and pointing him out by this time: "That's M. Jean Pilon! An old soldier of the Empire! He's won a big prize in the Royal Lottery—fifty thousand francs!"

He nursed his grievance all the evening, and lay awake half the night, while the winning number and the prize he had just missed gaining seemed written in letters of fire on the wall of his little room.

The next morning, Octave Jaubert sat alone in the Boule d'Or. He felt irritated with himself and with his friend; as the hour passed, he determined to put an end to their estrangement, and, bracing himself to meet reproaches patiently, went towards Pilon's cottage. On the way a friend stopped him. It was Duroc, a burly, red-faced vintner, who was always ready with his joke.

"Ah, Jaubert!" he cried, "what have you been doing to your poor friend Pilon? He accuses you of robbing him of a fortune. Too bad, serving an old comrade so! You'll find it difficult to make peace again, I can tell you. Words weren't ever invented to say all Pilon thinks of you. He called you—"

Duroc reported a few epithets, chuckled, and went his way.

Jaubert did not go to the cottage. Bah! he always thought Pilon was a miser. He had all the Norman peasant's love for gold. . . . Still, it was lonely in the café without him. Jaubert was too old for new friendships. Emile, too, had an expressive face, which showed sympathy and concern in a way that Jaubert resented. Confound the lad! Let him mind his own affairs. The next morning, Octave Jaubert read the paper with the air of a man who is glad to be left undisturbed. But his eyes turned towards the door whenever it was opened; he glanced furtively through the window, across the Rue de la Grosse Horloge. As the minutes passed, Emile sighed. Jaubert laughed aloud and defiantly, over some imaginary joke. He looked up; Pilon was stumping past the window. His heart beat faster.

But Pilon, who was coming to make peace, saw the laugh on Jaubert's face. He flushed angrily. The man was taunting him! He was laughing at his misfortune, his disappointment, his wish for reconciliation!

Jean Pilon went on, passing the door, and entered a café farther down the street. Now there was no hope of friendship.

Days passed into weeks, weeks into months; every morning, when the clock struck, Octave Jaubert entered the Boule d'Or; every morning Jean Pilon stumped past, looking neither to right nor left. "Those two old fools!" said people, and wagged their heads. Jaubert grew moody and irritable. Sometimes, folding his knotted hands on his stomach, he slept. More often he stared straight before him at the wall across the street. When people spoke to him he responded with a curt good-morning or an inarticulate grunt. A year went by, with all its anniversaries of famous

battles, of domestic happenings, of little incidents which were secrets known only to these two. Sometimes he met Pilon in the streets of Rouen; but they passed each other without notice, walking very stiffly.

Jaubert talked to no one now of the great days. He rarely read the paper: what was there to read? Other customers discussed the politics and events of a new era; Jaubert lived in a splendid, but melancholy past. The hereditary peerage was abolished; there were riots in Paris; Lafayette was dead; Fieschi had attempted to kill the King. What was it all to him? He listened to the heated debates, the noisy arguments, with contempt. Ah! he had seen real history; he had helped to make it—he and Pilon. They gave the world something to talk about, in those old days.



He went out, muttering, "Fifty thousand francs."

The years passed. Young men, who had been little schoolboys when he and Pilon quarrelled, came to the café, old customers grew bald, grew white, grew feeble; one by one they disappeared. Emile himself was growing sleek and middle-aged. But he was still a sentimentalist; in the intervals of his work he would sigh as he watched the back of Jaubert's whitening head. What memories were hidden under those scanty hairs! Barrack jests, old bivouac fires, forced marches, grim fighting, storming of cities, triumphal entries into the capitals of vassal Kings—all these incidents of great adventure, which Emile longed to hear of, were locked now in impenetrable silence! "Monsieur Pilon's aging fast, Sir," he said once, at the risk of a rebuff.

Jaubert grunted. But he looked out of the window. Pilon was leaning heavily on his stick, and dragged himself along very slowly. Well, if he liked to be obstinate. . . . The door was open. Anyone might enter.

"Give me the paper, Emile!" he growled. In the café that morning, he had caught the mention of a great and forgotten name.

He found the paragraph. De Remusat had moved in the Chamber that the body of the Emperor should be brought from St. Helena to France.

From that day Jaubert read the paper eagerly. The year 1840 was an anxious one for France. All eyes were turned on Egypt; men were clamouring for war with England; a pretty squabble at Mauritius the year before, caused by the washing of a flag, was dragged again into daylight. The King and Soult fought against Thiers for peace. Then, in August, Louis Napoleon and Montholon landed with their pet eagle near Boulogne. A pet eagle! Jaubert shook his old white head sadly. His Napoleon needed no such stage devices, when he landed from Elba at the beginning of the Hundred Days. He followed eagerly the news of the Prince de Joinville's expedition. The *Belle Poule* had started. She was expected soon. She was due at Cherbourg in another month—another week.

The paper now was full of the Government's arrangements for the reception of the dead Emperor, whose long captivity was over. They were to bring him by water to his capital. Ah, they were afraid—afraid of any other route! Jaubert remembered how all France had risen to welcome the Emperor when he left his tiny kingdom; how even the Army which the Bourbons had sent out to capture him had hurried to his side, with shouts and tears of joy. They had feared him

living; and now they were afraid even of the dead. Duroc, an Orleanist, had himself admitted it. "There might be disturbances," he had said, "if the body were taken overland." It was fine! Jaubert exulted in the thought that the very ashes of his great master, the magic of his name, might pass like the fiery cross through France! Was ever any man, but The Man, feared when the grave had held him for nearly twenty years?

He wished he could tell Pilon what Duroc had said. The body must pass Rouen. He wished he could talk to Pilon about it.

A week before the *Belle Poule* reached Cherbourg, Jaubert met Jean Pilon in the street. His old friend hobbled very slowly. His face was drawn with misery and age. Jaubert was filled with swift compunction.

He stopped. "Jean!" he cried, and stepped forward with outstretched hand.

Pilon looked at him stonily, and passed on.

A few days later, Pilon failed to pass the window; Jaubert heard that he was ill. He set his lips. "He shall send for me now if he wants to make friends," he thought. "The obstinate old fool! He's still brooding over his miserable fortune." Jaubert flushed as he remembered suddenly that others had witnessed his rebuff. "I won't go," he muttered. "If he's dying and asks for me, I won't go now."

On Austerlitz Day, Napoleon came home to his own people. Rouen was astir early on the winter morning when she was to welcome him. There was mist in the air, and Jaubert, looking from his little window, saw that the streets and roofs, and the gargoyles of the ancient churches, were white with frost. By candlelight he donned his faded uniform. Some Cuirassiers clattered by while he was dressing; drums beat the *rappel*; in the street below he saw the red and blue of the National Guard, tramping towards the quays. He was almost too excited to eat. After a snatched breakfast, he hurried towards the Hôtel de Ville, where the veterans of the Empire were to meet. The mist was in his throat; it was bitterly cold; when he coughed, his breath came in clouds.

"*Vive la Vieille Garde!*" cried some boys, and he stiffened his old back proudly.

A curious, rather pitiful little cluster of survivors—a strange, ragged army—this at the Town Hall of Rouen. Some were in plain clothes, decorated only with tricolours, or medals, or crosses of the Legion; some in uniforms, grotesquely ill-fitting, with tarnished lace, and creases, and holes where the moth had been at work. There were several with the red plumes and wide red "wings" of the Line. Jaubert saw the yellow facings of one of Oudinot's Grenadiers; and there was a red Lancer of the Guard; and a Chasseur-à-cheval, almost toothless, bent double with age and wounds. One white-haired man (on crutches—quite helpless now) wore the uniform of the terrible 57th demi-brigade of the Army of Italy. Pilon was not there. "It serves him right to be out of this!" thought Jaubert, but only half-heartedly. And then he heard the shout again from the onlookers, "*Vive la Vieille Garde!*"

Pilon, with his bearskin awry, his coat hanging loosely on his shrunken limbs, hobbled up on two sticks. They eyed each other stonily, and exchanged no greeting.

An officer ranged them in their places. Two Guardsmen should be together; Pilon and Jaubert were placed side by side in the ranks. Then immortelles and crowns of laurel were given out to each old warrior. Muffled

drums sounded; behind flags bound with crape they marched through the city. Some still hale and strong, some wheezing and choking with age and with cold—shuffling, hobbling, scarcely able to lift their feet—this little regiment of survivors, who had marched once behind the Eagles through the great highways of the world, marched now to pay the last honours to their Emperor.

They passed down a crowded quay, lined with troops, decorated with purple lustring, and golden bees and tears, and pyramids emblazoned with the names of famous victories. High in the winter sky, a great oriflamme, fifty feet in length, issued from clusters of tricolours on the tower of the Cathedral. A word of command rang out. They wheeled towards the Suspension Bridge.

"I suppose it'll bear so many?" asked an old soldier in a quavering, senile voice, bringing his stick down heavily.

"Ah, you weren't with us at the passage of the Bridge of Beresina!" growled another. "We weren't so squeamish there, eh, comrades?"

There was a triumphal arch in the centre of the bridge where the tall ships had to pass. It was covered with purple and decorated with golden bees. Here the veterans were halted. There was plenty to see while they were waiting—and more to talk about. Ships in the river—two British merchantmen among them—flew the flags of every nation; a great staging on the farther bank was thronged with the notables of the city; as far as the eye could see the quays were lined with Cuirassiers and National Guards. At eleven the morning mist cleared away, and bright sunshine brought out the many colours of the spectacle and sparkled on the frosted city roofs.

"He is coming—he is coming!"

There was smoke on the distant river; watching intently, they saw revealed at last the little fleet which escorted the dead Emperor. Three—seven—thirteen vessels! Ah, the voyage was nearly over now. Across the wide seas, from that lonely rock towards which their eyes had looked with weary longing, the Emperor had come again to his own. Exile was over. The tomb had given him back. Two old men, near Jaubert, were whispering about the last scenes at St. Helena, for news had travelled more quickly from Cherbourg than the slow procession.

"They opened his tomb under the willows by night, by lantern-light," said one. "It was where he used to sleep away the dreary days. His face was little changed. Bertrand knew him—they all knew him. It seemed as if he expected them—as if he waited. It rained when they carried him down the mountain. The English red-coats had their arms reversed: their bands played the 'Dead March,' their guns saluted—his enemies!" The old man's voice broke. "But when they reached the beach there was a miracle. The rain ceased suddenly; the sky flamed with a marvellous sunset, so they say, and there was a great stillness. . . . Even the waves were stilled."

"Ah, the Eternal Himself knew that our Emperor was setting out!" said the other veteran. "Didn't He send a great tempest when he died? I tell you, he was not like other men."

"Silence!" growled Jaubert. In his heart—in the hearts of all there—were the last words that fell from their Emperor's dying lips—"France! Armée! Tête d'Armée!" And his army—all that time had spared—waited now to welcome home its chief after his last great battle. Surely, the lost legions were watching too; the men of many regiments, of many lands, who had yielded only to that mighty Conqueror, Death!

Very slowly, while the bells of the churches tolled and the bands played funeral music, and the minute guns roared from the banks, the *Dorade* and its escort drew nearer to the bridge. Behind the catafalque, in the prow of the vessel, a little altar had been erected; tapers were burning in the frosty air; a priest and two acolytes stood before the tricolour and the imperial crown.



Jaubert caught Jean's hand; his own was clutched convulsively.

At the corners of the coffin stood Napoleon's comrades in exile. Jaubert saw Bertrand, saw Gourgaud—the fiery, quarrelsome, bragging, yet ever faithful servant of his master; and there was Marchand, the Emperor's valet, his cheeks wet with tears. The vessel stopped below the bridge.

One by one, the old soldiers, scarred by a hundred fights, filed past the catafalque, and dropped their laurel crowns upon the bier. Old Jaubert's eyes were streaming. Someone nudged his arm. He staggered forward; the wreath fell from his hand. He gave one long look at the purple, bee-spangled pall, which covered all that remained of the man who had filled his life. In that coffin his own youth seemed buried—buried with all the pomp, all the power, all the splendour of that Empire which had passed away. He forgot the crowded city, the thronged river banks, the veterans who stood behind him, waiting to file past. "*Vive Napoléon!*" His hand went up mechanically, in the last salute; and fell limply to his side.

Pilon came next. Jaubert turned away. "*Vive Napoléon!*" The voice was very broken, very aged. Ah, it had shouted lustily enough once, when, shoulder to shoulder, they had tossed their bearskins on their bayonets and greeted him with thunders of welcome as he rode through the ranks of his Old Guard.

It was over. The vessel moved on again with her escort, to halt a little farther up the river, while the Archbishop muttered his prayers over the dead. They could hear the "*De Profundis*" chanted. . . .

"My Emperor! O my Emperor!"

There was a choking sob—the heart-breaking sob, terrible in its pathetic helplessness, of a man broken by the years. Jaubert turned his head. Pilon's bowed figure swam in his tear-dimmed eyes.

"O, my Emperor! My Emperor!"

Jaubert groped his way towards him. The old man's white head was bent over his heaving breast. Lost youth, faded laurels, all the unutterable sadness of glorious days now irrevocable, tried to find speech in that choking, pitiful sobbing which shook his feeble frame. "Jean—Jean!" whispered Jaubert. The tears of things were in his voice, in his heart. Where was their paltry quarrel now!

"Octave—O Octave—Octave!"

What the loss of that paltry fortune now, when the man who had ruled their wide Empire lay there under the inexorable law; when around them the wreck of his great armies, the tattered remnants of power and state, told of the passing of all things mortal? Their love for him only had outlived the years, undimmed, untarnished.

Jaubert caught Jean's hand; his own was clutched convulsively.

"Oh, he can never come again, Octave. We shall never see—never hear—"

"But perhaps he knows, Jean," Jaubert whispered. "It is as he wished. And listen!"

As the *Dorade* steamed slowly on towards Paris, carrying the Emperor towards the capital which he had entered first as a penniless and friendless boy—carrying him now in triumph to his last resting-place—six guns, fired from the shore, gave the signal for rejoicing. "He has a true soldier's funeral," said Jaubert. Crape was torn from drums

and sleeves and banners; the troops presented arms; the bands struck up lively airs. A last salute roared from the cannon.

"*Vive l'Empereur!* *Vive l'Empereur!*" rang from thousands of throats, as the flotilla was lost in the windings of the Seine.

Jaubert and Pilon marched from the bridge arm in arm. They still looked through the mist of tears; but their heads were high, and Pilon hobbled bravely by his stouter comrade. "*Vive la Vieille Garde!*" shouted some people as they passed.

The bells, which had tolled dismally, broke into peals of joy. They turned into the Rue de la Grosse Horloge; Emile, breathless with running from the quay, gave a little gasp of excited welcome, and pushed back two chairs from the old table.

"Two boots, Emile!"

"*Bien, monsieur!*"

Emile's plump face was wreathed in smiles. Outside, the cannon of the last salute still thundered; outside, the bells rocked merrily in their steeples, telling the white Norman fields that their old Emperor had come home.

THE END.

His hand went up mechanically, in the last salute.

HUMANE SOCIETY.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE women had curled themselves in various attitudes; their rest disturbed by the incoming tide now and again, on which occasions they aroused suddenly, shouted a general admonition to the children and retired up, complaining of the unreasonableness of the methods of the tides, and expressing views concerning the necessity of introducing new rules. In searching for some explanation of the erratic behaviour of the sea, they talked themselves to sleep.

"Mrs. Petherton, Mrs. Petherton, Mrs.——"

"Go away," ordered the intrusive child's mother sharply. "Interrupting your elders when they're indulging in a slight snooze; I'm surprised at you."

"It won't take a moment, mother."

"Let the dear say what he's got to say," urged Mrs. Petherton. "What is it, lovey? Tell me what's on your mind."

"It's nothing," said the child shyly. "Only your little boy's drowning."

Men recalled from consideration of the question of distances to houses of refreshment, stamped hurriedly and clumsily down the beach. The boy's father, scattering the affrighted youngsters right and left, plunged in.

"Mind your clean collar!" shouted his wife.

The women gazed eagerly, printing details on their memory that they might retail them later with pride and importance; they

begged the boy's mother not to take on, assuring her that her husband was making headway. The husband could not swim, but he went blundering along—an amazing figure in black, soddened by the waves. His silk hat danced off. A boatman was rowing energetically on the bumpy sea. The father stumbled and went down.

"It's all right, Mrs. Petherton, ma'am." The women in a ring close around her divided to allow the boatman to bring in a limp, dripping figure. "Your boy's here, and he's slightly out of breath, but he's safe. That's the great thing, he's safe. Aren't you, Jimmie dear?"

"S'pose so!" panted the boy.

"Then," with a change of manner as they pinned a shawl around him, "what do you mean by frightening your poor mother and frightening of us all by——"

"Don't scold him," begged his mother, reviving. "Give us a kiss, Jimmie. Oh, I am glad to see you back safe and sound. Quite thought I'd lost you. How much do we owe, young man?"

"Well," said the boatman, "what's the kid worth?"

The boy stood shivering whilst an effort was made to appraise

his value. At the back men worked his father's arms up and down with vigour but without hope.

"He's worth," said the boy's mother affectionately, "everything in the world. Everything in the world; and he'll pay me back later on. He's going to be a wonder when he grows up."

"Shall we say eighteen pence?" suggested the boatman.

To some, notoriety never comes; on a few it calls once. Confirming the prophecies of several years previously, Jimmie Petherton was engaging the attentions of a crowd. Notoriety had taken its time, but of its concentration at this moment there could be no doubt. The time was early morning, and again in June; June appeared to be Jimmie Petherton's month, and young men, due at office by a quarter to ten, and starting with intention of taking the shortest cut across the Common, found themselves induced to join in the demonstration. For the most

part the crowd was again made up of women; these talked excitedly, and their talk was of Jimmie Petherton and of the stir made by Jimmie's recent action. One said proudly that she had cut his portrait from a weekly paper; she meant to do her level best to keep it. Others claimed, with good conceit, to know the neighbourhood where Jimmie, twenty-two years since, had first joined the world's regiment. Two had been at



"What's the kid worth?"

school with him, a fact which had induced them to rise betimes and travel by workmen's trains, in order to be on hand at this important moment of Jimmie's career.

"No flag?" repeated one incredulously. "And no bell? Why, how they do chop and change, to be sure! I've got a great-aunt who can remember the time when people came in their thousands and sat up all night to see an affair of this kind. But in them days there was more of a kind of publicity, if you understand what I mean. They were open and straightforward—— What's the time now? Nearly quarter-past nine?"

A man in uniform unlocked the small opening of the big doors and fixed up two white notices. The crowd pressed forward. A woman, looking older than she should have looked, stood back near a tree, content to wait until the rest had satisfied curiosity. Those fortunate enough to be in the front read one of the notices aloud——

"I, the Surgeon of His Majesty's Prison, hereby certify that I this day examined the Body of James Petherton, on whom Judgment of Death was this day executed in the said Prison: and that on that Examination I found that the said James Petherton was dead."

[THE END.]

The World's Greatest Medicinal Stimulant.

Strictly speaking, all beverages ought to be regarded from the medicinal point of view, and only indulged in as and when they are beneficial to health. Especially is this the case with alcoholic stimulants which, although they may be taken with impunity up to a certain limit, are, beyond that limit, harmful in the extreme.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is an alcoholic stimulant which, while serving all the legitimate purposes of a beverage, is, at the same time, of distinct and highly important medicinal utility. It is the purest spirit distilled for human consumption. Its condition is perfect, absolutely pure, properly matured, and with its elements so thoroughly blended and assimilated by a patent chemical process that it cannot be improved upon.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS has received the commendation of the medical faculty. Thousands of Testimonials have been received from Doctors in all parts of the world.

Before it was invented, ordinary Hollands Gin was frequently prescribed for troubles connected with the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, as well as for Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, etc., but it often failed to effect the required restoration. With

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however, all doubt and uncertainty disappear. Its action on the secretive organs and upon the blood, and the system generally, is at once stimulative and curative. Apart from its special medicinal properties Wolfe's Schnapps is the most useful of all stimulating tonics, and when taken as a daily beverage is an effective health preservative. It stimulates the system without befogging the brain. Those who take Wolfe's Schnapps to the extent of one wineglassful, or at most two, per day, lose the desire for ordinary alcoholic drinks, which for the most part are so baneful in their effects. WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS suffices for all proper stimulative requirements; it satisfies as well as invigorates. Thus it may be regarded as a most powerful auxiliary to the cause of temperance. It combines happily with aerated waters.

Every Home should keep this splendid Domestic Safeguard.

The Sale of this excellent Cordial is World-wide. In the British Colonies of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, it is the most popular of all Alcoholic beverages. (The Sales in Australia alone in 1907 reached 1,413,096 bottles.) In North and South America, India, Cuba, and many other distant places, it enjoys a long-established and growing consumption, and since its introduction in this Country three years ago, it has rapidly found favour and an ever increasing demand.

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LADIES' PAGE.

PERHAPS it was as well, after all, that there were two distinct processions for Women's Suffrage, since the character of the two was entirely different, and yet both were most impressive—wonderful. No spectator could avoid being profoundly and respectfully impressed—more, perhaps, by the first march than by the second, though the latter was overwhelming by its magnitude. In the first procession, however, there was an imposing representation of the women of light and leading of the era. Distinction—superiority—was as marked in the face and bearing of the working women who attended it as in the ranks of the University graduates. I was personally bound both to be part of the show and to see it, and this feat I accomplished by walking in the ranks from the Embankment on through Knightsbridge, and then hastening back to my following motor, and slipping by the back streets to "head off" the procession at Exhibition Road. It was equally magnificent to one who has worked unflinching with voice and pen for the cause from earliest girlhood now to be in this remarkable demonstration and to watch it pass by—to note the bright, earnest faces, and to see the impression produced on spectators by these files of women University graduates, probably a thousand in number, doctors of medicine and others in cap and gown, the nurses, the women co-operators (who are some of the pick of working-class wives and mothers), the Colonial women (who now do vote), the authors, artists, singers—each band bearing a large, artistic banner that recalled what some women have done for the world in each class of effort already. From the aged pioneers in the front rank back to Mrs. Despard, Mrs. How Martyn, B.Sc., and Miss Irene Miller leading the other Holloway prisoners as the rear-guard, with between them thousands of other distinguished yet womanly and charming workers, the fine pageant was an astonishment to the onlooker.

Nowadays, no public effort can afford to ignore the wider interests and influence of women, and the Pan-Anglican Congress was not an exception: although the Established Church only a few years ago refused to allow its women to lift their voices in public, this time there were innumerable women's meetings, and several ladies spoke also at the general gatherings of the Conference. Mrs. Creighton, widow of the late Bishop of London, is an excellent speaker, and the wives of both the Archbishops are also no strangers to platforms.

London has been immensely full, and Ascot was more brilliant as a Society spectacle even than usual, owing to the number of Frenchwomen who were present wearing their clothes with that smartness that only the Parisienne knows how to acquire. The presence of lovely Lady Marjorie Manners in the part of the royal box practically reserved for Princesses aroused much comment, as it led to the inference that a royal romance that has been talked of for the past two years will soon receive



A GARDEN - PARTY GOWN.

This is an elegant dress carried out in crêpe-de-Chine, and trimmed with black-and-white striped silk and white buttons; lace vest, and high belt of black silk.

the King's approbation. The outstanding feature of the scene was undoubtedly the enormous size of the hats. The width was the most extraordinary point, but the height was quite en suite. Full three-quarters of a yard across were the extreme specimens! They were lined under the brim smoothly, as a rule, when so monstrous, the attention being concentrated on the masses of ostrich feathers or marabouts upstanding round the crowns, or on the big and blatant blossoms—orchids, clovers, horse-chestnut blooms, and so on—that occupied the same position. These gigantic chapeaux made their first appearance in any numbers in this country at Ascot; and for the rest the gowns were of the type now familiar—the clinging, high-waisted Directoire frocks in chiffon-like fabrics or softest silks, and the Empire dust-cloaks with elaborate yokes.

A sight not to be missed is offered by the beautiful galleries of furniture at Messrs. Hampton's, Pall Mall East. This is the oldest house of the kind in London, and receives a specially aristocratic patronage. Within the past few months, this firm has been employed to refurnish the nurseries of the King of Spain's family, and has produced some special stuffs to our own King's order. The artistic and high-class character of Messrs. Hampton's goods sometimes leads to the supposition that they supply only costly furniture; but as a fact their prices are quite competitive, and, indeed, exceptionally good value, inasmuch as they have many old-standing contracts with manufacturers that were made in favourable times, so that their customers reap an advantage. Visitors are invited to inspect the stock, and as an example of its peculiar charm the Drawing-room Cabinet department may well be selected for special notice. Here are ranks of china and bric-à-brac cabinets that are all in themselves beautiful—in mahogany, rosewood, walnut, or satin-wood finely inlaid with ebony or with coloured woods, and designed in all styles, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Louis Quinze, or Adams. Illustrated catalogues of every department are available.

Here again are the catalogues of the summer sales, reminding us that on Monday, June 29, Messrs. Peter Robinson begin, both at the Oxford Circus and at the 252-264, Regent Street establishments, their after-season reductions in prices. The reputation of Peter Robinson grows year by year, as the goods they offer are found by an ever-increasing circle of feminine buyers to be both exceptionally good style and good value. The stock is so large that it frequently happens that one obtains there just what is needed, after many fruitless attempts elsewhere. Well, for this sale, which continues all through July, every item is greatly reduced in price. This includes not only "everything for ladies' and children's wear," but also much that is wearable by men, and (at Oxford Circus) furniture-draperies also. There are, for example, little gowns at one guinea and Paris models at twenty-five guineas, all equally less than half the original price. Sale-catalogues can be had by post.

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And the Answer! A method of hair culture that hundreds of thousands are daily practising with manifest advantage.

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And yet the importance of this feature in adding to the beauty and grace of mankind can hardly be overstated.

In these days, when "too old at forty" is heard on every side and grey hairs are made a pretext for dispensing with one's services, a luxurious crop of healthy hair has a distinct commercial value to every man; and what woman perceives without a pang of regret the first grey hair obtrusively manifesting itself among her cherished tresses? Nor do the grey hairs long remain single; they seem to have an infinite capacity for multiplying themselves—making friends, as it were.

DO NOT LOOK PREMATURELY OLD

by permitting the inroads of hair sickness to mar the pristine brilliance of your locks when it can be so easily avoided by proper methods.

The study of the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of human hair by scientists goes to show that most hair sickness—and sickness of all kinds—is merely the absence of healthy or normal conditions—is due to well-defined causes, and if the right remedies are used at the proper time there is no reason why a person should suffer from—

Baldness, Stubby or grey hair,
Brittle hair, Tangly or dry hair,
Thin or patchy hair, Loss of colour,
Greasy or malodorous hair.

or, indeed, any of the hair diseases that we are all so familiar with; in fact, their commonness has too often made us indifferent to their seriousness.

The foregoing diseases, and others, are easily preventable by proper culture, but they are, comparatively speaking, so little understood, because so little studied by the ordinary pathologist, who has been content to walk, as it were,

IN THE BEATEN TRACK

of pathogenic research—in the pursuit of other diseases, not less common, and not more important, perhaps, but better understood and more easily diagnosed.

What the optician is in the region of sight, and the aurist in the realm of hearing, specialists we are in the sphere of the hair and all that pertains to it. For many years the proprietors of "Edwards' Harlene" for the hair, as is well known, have been the foremost among Hair Specialists, and their preparation for the hair, the result



One of the Methods employed in "Drilling" the Hair. This New System is fully explained in the Free Booklet "Harlene Hair Drill," which all readers are invited to apply for at once.

of their study and unparalleled experience, has become a household word.

BUT WHY?

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"Harlene Hair Drill," reduced to its simplest element, is simply the scientific application of knowledge, based on experience, to the correction of abnormal

conditions of the scalp and hair. And its effect is to promote, without unduly stimulating, the natural, healthy physiological functions of the several parts. It is scientific knowledge scientifically applied. There is no quackery and no mystery about it. It is not mere stimulation, for that is transient; we produce permanent results. Indeed, we give away to all and sundry who care to apply for it a booklet (with a sufficient supply of "Edwards' Harlene" for a week's "Harlene Hair Drill") that gives in greater detail than is possible within the compass of this treatise, full particulars of our theory of "Harlene Hair Drill" (see form below).

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For, mark you, the blood would distribute its contents impartially throughout the body. It would not—it could not—seal and label and carry exclusively and directly from stomach to scalp alone. It possesses no more capacity for local favoritism than the tide and the sea.

It must obey the impulse of the heart, which pumps it equally throughout the circulatory system of the body from head to toe.

Every lady quite naturally and rightly desires a luxuriant growth of hair on her head, but she would quite properly refuse to develop a disfiguring moustache or an unfeminine growth on cheeks and chin, arms and hands, etc.

Every lady intuitively knows that the only safe and certain treatment for growing beautiful hair on

the head—and not on the lips, cheeks, arms, etc.—is to treat the scalp and head hair, and not the whole body, via the stomach and blood. And the structure of the scalp is a physiological demonstration that Edwards' Harlene method of "Hair Drill" is the only scientific method to ensure beneficial and lasting results.

"Harlene" may be obtained from chemists and stores throughout the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or will be sent post paid on receipt of postal order, by Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me Booklet, directions, and supply of "Harlene" for the "National Experiment in Hair Culture." I enclose three penny stamps for carriage to any part of the world.

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MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

ART NOTES.

COROT, whose pictures in the White City and whose prices at Christie's, combined with his recent accession to the National Gallery, make him in some sort a naturalised Englishman of the arts, did himself visit this country. The occasion was just such another as now fills our streets with Frenchmen, but whereas to-day every Parisian grocer is welcomed and made much of, the advent of the great landscape-painter in 1862 was unobserved and unreported. We know little more than that he got from his packet-boat into a railway-carriage labelled "No smoking," and that, when he lit his pipe, an Englishman summoned up enough courage and French to protest with, "Très mauvais pour la santé." Corot, with his excellent smile, answered, in French, "Bah! I will live to be a hundred and four," much to the consternation and admiration of the islander, who mistook the tense and believed he was conversing with a centenarian. Nearly half a century has passed, and the *Entente* has been invented, but the tale stands the test of time: we still are very agile at misunderstanding one another.

Corot's enthusiasm for exhibitions such as the one in Wood Lane was very mild. On the London Exhibition of 1862 he made no comment, but during his visit to the Exposition Universelle of 1867 he could not contain his horror of the unholy medley of the arts of war and peace. In the great Hall of Machinery, filled with cannon and the like, and where he came upon a group of intent Englishmen, he exclaimed, "How can they exhibit these awful instruments at the same time and in the same place as our little landscapes and our little sheep? The world is silly—and villainous! and see, the inventors are enraptured!" And at Shepherd's Bush, to-day, you can almost hear the pounding and puffing of the machinery as you admire the exquisite canvases that bear the signature of Corot!

In the cartoons of Sir F. C. Gould and of the Parisian "Sem" we see exhibited at the same time an easy contrast in the methods and manners of English and French caricature. "Sem," though by no means one of the best draughtsmen of the moment, has yet a happy-go-lucky technical facility and ease unknown to the Englishman. We had almost said to the English artist, but in truth Sir Francis has no artistry. His line, his anatomies, his action—all leave us something to look for; and yet we select him as the leading caricaturist of our day. There is a lumbering directness about his work that wins

has legs to the number of two, his cares are at an end and his drawing almost done. We are speaking, of course, of Sir Francis as if he were an everyday draughtsman; his power of catching likenesses is a thing apart.

Mr. Cockerell's advent to the Fitzwilliam Museum, and one of the five insatiable libraries to which every book published in England must be delivered, is a very fortunate one in all respects. For printed books as for manuscripts Mr. Cockerell has an infinite regard, taught him by his friends and masters, Ruskin and Morris. In Cambridge he has among his charges the batch of Turner water-colours presented by Ruskin, and many a fine example of ancient art; while those things which the Museum mainly lacks—notably, examples of the Pre-Raphaelite school—Mr. Cockerell is certain to attract to its portfolios and walls. E. M.



AN IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT: HORNING FERRY, ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

The delight of the Broads is that they are like nothing else in England, and they cannot be made vulgar or commonplace. For this exquisite district the Great Eastern Railway Company is making exceptional arrangements this season. Wroxham, which is in the very heart of the Broadlands, is to be brought within two hours and forty-eight minutes of Liverpool Street Station, and on Saturdays at 1.35 a restaurant-train will enable business men to lunch on the way down. Every morning a breakfast-car train will make the return journey to London, and on Sundays during the summer months the train leaving Cromer at 5.45 p.m. will call at Wroxham at 6.11 to pick up passengers, who may dine on their way to London.

us; Sir Francis is successful because he is never distracted from affairs of State by affairs of the pen. Did he try to draw a hand like a hand, or a leg like a leg, he might become absorbed in the niceties of art and lose his politics. Having carefully ascertained that his hands have five fingers apiece, and that each man of his making

stered in white. The King's and Queen's retiring-rooms are in blue and green respectively, mahogany furniture being used in the former with blue coverings; while in the Queen's room there is a pretty satinwood suite. Messrs. Fenton, of Hanover Square, carried out the floral decorations.

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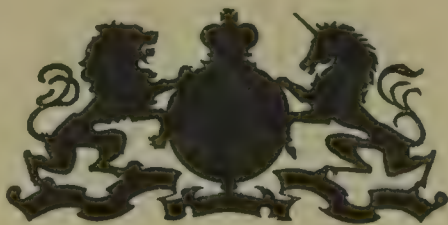


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MUSIC.

WE are inclined to think that Rossini's "Barber of Seville" has worn better than any of the operas in which our fathers were wont to take delight. By the side of "Lucia," "Traviata," "Les Huguenots," and "L'Africaine," it sounds quite young and fresh, perhaps because Rossini had a sense of comedy to which Verdi and Meyerbeer were comparative strangers. Tetrassini's Rosina is such a charming creation, and the prima donna was in such excellent voice when she sang the music at the first performance, that the gentlemen with reminiscences—never lacking on these occasions—left us cold when they assumed their favourite rôle of *laudatores temporis acti*. If the part has been better sung, we are at least grateful to hear it rendered by Tetrassini.

Thursday night's performance at Covent Garden introduced the prima-donna who has been so widely discussed of late, Mme. Lina Cavalieri, who is said to have started a varied career by selling flowers on the Piazza di Spagna in Rome. We had heard much of her jewels and much of her beauty, but very little of her voice. As it happened, the writer heard Mme. Cavalieri when she was on the lighter stage in Paris, and again when she had been an opera-singer for some couple of years, and he was not expecting to find a striking representative of Manon Lescaut in Puccini's opera. There was an agreeable surprise in store: Mme. Cavalieri has certainly become an artist to be reckoned with, though it is clear that her gifts are the outcome of studious effort rather than the expression of a natural talent. Her voice has no very even quality, but is good where it is best, and at times she contrives to express the dramatic significance of a moment happily. The welcome the singer received was very hearty, in fact a better artist might have had no occasion to complain of a smaller reception. Zenatello supported Mme. Cavalieri, and sang the music, which reveals so much of the latter-day Puccini in the making, very effectively indeed. It is too early to say whether Mme. Cavalieri's gifts entitle her to take rank among the prima-donnas of Covent Garden, but doubtless she will give her audience a further opportunity of forming an opinion.

"Leila; or, The Pearl Fishers," Bizet's early and rather unfortunate opera, has probably enjoyed



YVETTE GUILBERT, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

revival on account of Mme. Tetrassini, who is said to have a liking for the leading rôle. Certainly the florid music suits her voice, and she makes as much out of the part as it is worth but it is hardly likely that the work, for all its prettiness and effect, will be heard often in London. Its beauties were intended surely for exploitation by small companies that go through the provincial cities at home and abroad, and manage to claim without serious challenge the right to live.

Mention, however brief, must be made of the concert that brought the season of the Queen's Hall Orchestra to a close. The reception accorded to the veteran M. Saint-Saëns—who was responsible for all the music on the platform, for the solo part in one of his pianoforte concerti and for the accompaniment of several of his own songs—was most hearty. Doubtless music-lovers are impressed by the charm of the composer's thought, by the variety and skill of its expression, and by his capacity to play the piano with so much ease and such studied art at an age when the fingers of the most of us would refuse to move at all.

Mme. Sobrino is a charming lyrical singer, and a large number of admirers gathered to her recital at Bechstein Hall last week. She was assisted by her husband, Signor Sobrino,

who shows tact and delicacy in the difficult rôle of accompanist, and by M. Emile Sauret, the violinist, whose playing was no less attractive than Mme. Sobrino's singing. The songs chosen were not all by foreign composers. Mr. Algon Ashton, Mr. Delius, and Sir Charles Stanford were among those whose works were chosen, and of each and all Mme. Sobrino showed herself a sympathetic interpreter, who, without over-emphasis or sacrifice of tone, can express the beauty in work to which she has chosen to devote herself.

With Paderewski and Pachmann each giving a single recital, the concert season reaches the point of its highest achievement, and from the end of this month we may look to see the tide of recitals ebb slowly throughout July. Mme. Sophie Menter, who has given a couple of concerts in town, is one who has done delightful work throughout Europe. The writer can remember her great achievements of twenty years ago, but she has never given very much of her time to London. She is very popular on the Continent, and has a large following in Russia. If we are not mistaken, Sapelnikoff was one of her pupils.



Lieutenant Lascelles (Mr. Cyril Maude). Major Thesiger (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith). Lady Hermione Wynne (Miss Lilian Braithwaite). Mrs. Cameron (Miss Winifred Emery).

(Photo, Dover Street Studios.)

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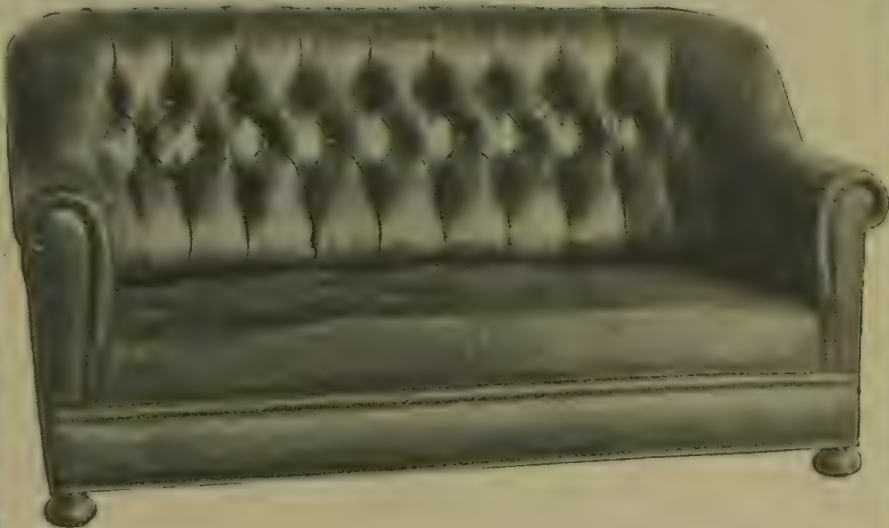


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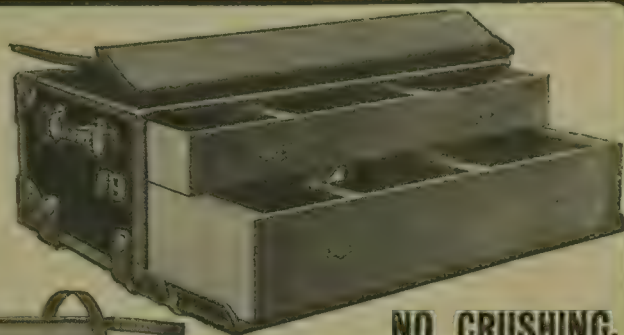
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE forty-six cars which still remained in the International Reliability Trial (which is the greater trial promoted by the Royal Automobile Club) when Glasgow was reached on the evening of Saturday, June 13, merged into the large total of eighty-four cars to be run but not all necessarily entered in the Trial promoted during June 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19 by the Scottish Automobile Club. Severe as was the third day's trip of the English contest it was as nothing compared with the daily questions asked of the cars in the Scottish event. The first day's run alone accounted for the disappearance of four vehicles, and serious loss of marks to certain other cars of considerable repute. The Cairnwell Hill Climb, which was taken after lunch on the Monday, was a more than strenuous test. It occurs in the passage up Glenshie, by the road carved out of the rocky hillside by General Wade after the rebellion of 1745, when the Highlands were pacified by a remarkably effective but none the less deplorable process. It is said that at the summit of this wild and savage pass the level of the road was higher than any other in Great Britain. Moreover, a half-mile or so before the top is reached there occurs a double S bend most aptly termed the Devil's Elbow, where the gradient is 1 in 6½ and 1 in 7½, and very loose and deep in mud at the same time.

Just how many cars this terrible climb put out of the running at the very outset of the Scottish Trial I cannot say exactly at the moment of writing, but as each day of the five was remarkable for its own hill-climb, with its own peculiar difficulties and characteristics, the seeds of

evil sown by Cairnwell were sooner or later developed to the full by the subsequent scramblings aloft. Just how severe were these climbs may be imagined by realising that after Cairnwell, with its Devil's Elbow, mentioned above, 1 mile 960 yards in length, with its rise of 686 feet in that distance, came the ascent of

Thankful" Hill, just short of a mile in length, a rise of 400 feet, and the very Hades of an elbow-corner to finish with. On the last day, Fintry Hill, comparatively a speed hill, was taken. The total length of this climb was 1 mile 694 yards, with an average gradient of 1 in 15 and a total rise of some 500 feet. It will therefore be agreed that the cars in the Scottish Trial were not spared tests of their ascending powers.



COUNT ZEPPELIN IN HIS AIR-SHIP: THE CAR SAILING ON LAKE CONSTANCE BEFORE A FLIGHT.

Count Zeppelin's new air-ship, designed for the German Army, has just been tried above Lake Constance, and made a forty-five minutes' flight. The gas-bag is 426 feet long and 43 feet wide. The machine is the largest of its kind in the world.

Cairn-o-Mount, or Redstone Hill, a total climb of 2 miles 35 yards, in which distance the cars raised themselves no less than 1065 feet, by gradients varying from 1 in 5.4 to 1 in 20. This was followed next day by the Trinafour Hill climb, 1686 yards in length, with a total lift of 390 feet, by gradients varying from 1 in 7 to 1 in 21. Thursday saw the cars negotiating the celebrated "Rest and be

automatic air-valve placed somewhere on the induction-pipe would serve as well and save trouble, but this is not so, for it is found that an engine will take a lot of extra air when running very slowly under load. In such case, the suction being light, an automatic air-valve would not open at all or very slightly, and the engine would not get as much air as it could do with under the circumstances.



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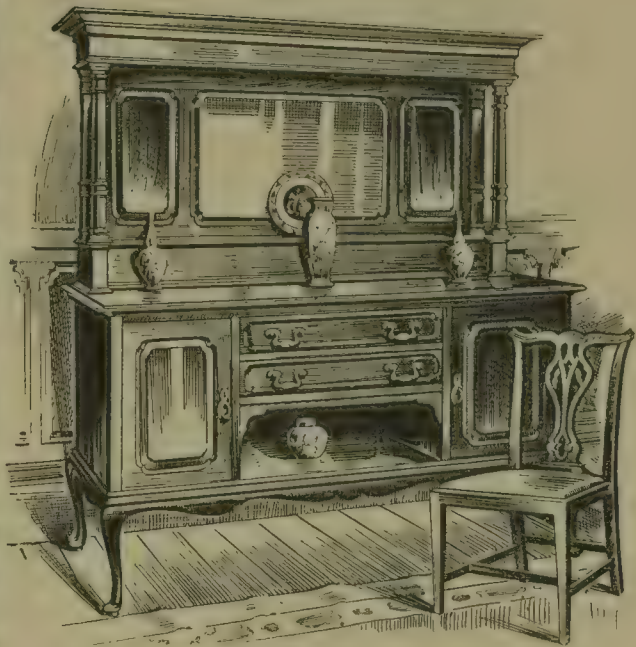
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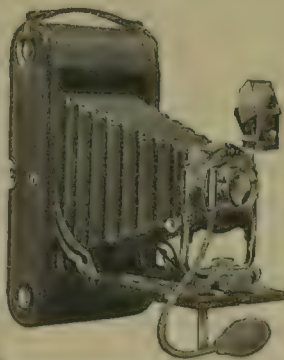
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TALKS WITH TOM BINGLEY ON PARLIAMENT AND PERSONS.

BY G. S. STREET.

XVIII.—RATAPLAN AND MR. COX'S COOLNESS.

RATAPLAN, rataplan, rataplan! Alas! no, I am not a military man, as Sergeant Bouncer used to sing in dear old "Cox and Box." Tom says I ought to be, but I doubt a middle-aged man (how gaily one confessed to middle-age—ten years ago!) with indifferent health would be of little use as a private in the Territorial Army, however useful such a one might be had he skill and knowledge to be an officer. Besides, as I remarked to Tom, while we were discussing the debate of last week, it would be grossly unfair that I should undergo fatigue and discomfort and annoyance (which I fear is all "the lordliest life on earth" would mean to such a weakling) while my much abler-bodied friends remained at home and mocked me in their arm-chairs or over their comfortable little dinners. "Well, make them turn out too," said he. "They refuse," said I. "Argue with them," said he. "They won't listen," said I. And then Tom took the floor, spreading his coat-tails to the empty grate.

"Do you want compulsory service?" he asked me. "Personally I do. If I have any ability at all to read the signs of the times, for us to hesitate about it

is as though a man going out under a black sky hesitated about an umbrella. If the thing were compulsory I'd turn out with pleasure, though I don't think I'm the sort of person it's reasonable to ask to jump into the foreground of his own accord." "Very well," said Tom; "you want compulsory service, but the country doesn't. So we give it the next best alternative, and the thing to do now is to get up a public opinion which will make it as nearly compulsory on the right sort of men as possible. They must come in, or the show's bust. The point you made just now about your friends—rotten lot of friends you must have—is a good one, for you. Oh, I expect you cribbed the idea from George

Wyndham's speech: he said the difficulty was to get fairness between man and man. That crops up in heaps of ways. For instance, two men may be competitors for a place in an important football-match.

That may seem a small thing to you superior chaps, but it means a lot to them. Very well; if one turns out with us and t'other doesn't, the first may miss the ambition of his life, and that's asking a devil of a lot of him. That's why commanding officers ought to have plenty of discretion in the way of granting leave. Then in trade it tells both with employers and employed. The employed may lose their jobs. An employer who gives his



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men leave may find himself scored off in some critical trade affair by an employer who doesn't. Only a jolly stiff public opinion can remedy all that." "But what about my friends, Tom? Many of them aren't employed at all, and others only work when they please." "There ought to be a slur put on them if they won't come out, as Wyndham said. They ought to be cold-shouldered socially." "Even if they give good dinners? You're asking a good deal of society." "Girls ought to refuse to dance with them." "But suppose they don't want to dance? Or suppose they

[Continued overleaf.]



WOMEN FIREMEN: THE COLLEEN BRIGADE AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH.

Ballymacintyre's Colleen Fire Brigade are drilled by Merryweather's veteran and far-famed fire-inspector, Joe Mason, at the Irish Village, Franco-British Exhibition. The photograph was taken on the day of the visit of H.M. the King and President Fallières.

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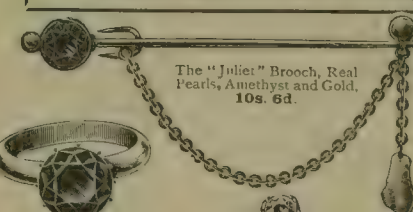
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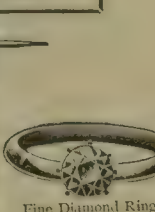
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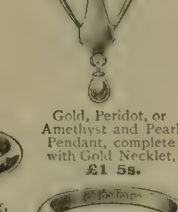
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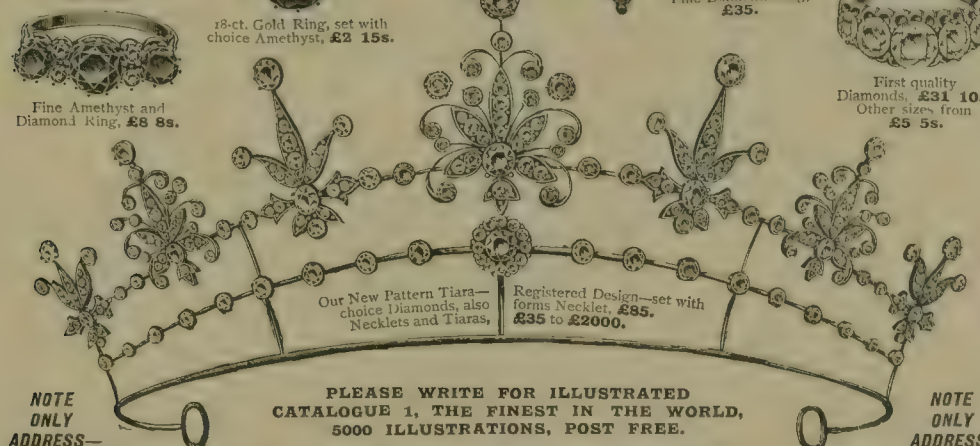
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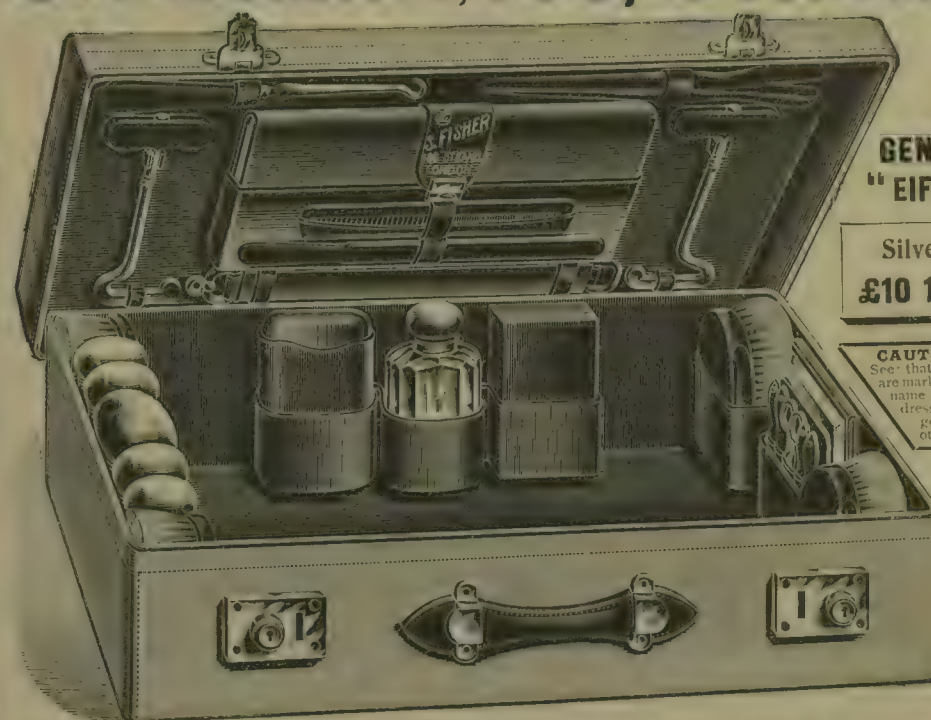
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dance very well, and the other men are away on training?" "Oh, you eat coke! I tell you, unless this public opinion is formed and makes this voluntary scheme work, we shall be forced into compulsion within five years." "Will that be soon enough, Tom?" I asked.

"But what of the debate? Haldane came out of it pretty well, didn't he?" "Haldane would come pretty well out of any debate. I thought he answered his critics all right, on the whole. The weakest point of his scheme is the artillery, of course. I confess my confidence in amateur artillery would be extremely limited, to say the least of it. Arnold-Forster—everyone's glad he's well again—made an effective attack. But then he wasn't exactly a heaven-sent War Minister himself, and most of us feel, on both sides, that the main thing is to make the scheme go and that the County Associations are more important places than the House for that at present. We simply can't chuck it aside and start another now. The ablest expert on the other side was for giving him all the help possible, and that seems strong enough patriotism and good sense to convince most of us. Let us hope for the best."

"By the way, Tom, didn't you rather make me waste my valuable sympathy a little time ago on Harold Cox? He seems to have scored pretty heavily in the Pensions debate." "It was a great personal success, but then he didn't win for his cause, and with an idealist that is everything: you must still weep for Cox." "I can't at present, Tom, because I'm rather annoyed with him. He said the true ideal was higher wages. Now that for an Individualist is pretty cool. He would resist every attempt of the State to interfere with trade, and it's precisely because his views were the popular views for so long that we are where we are and have this mass of indigence to deal with. My own idea is that while you have a capitalist system the employers ought to pay enough wages for the men to save their own pensions, and not to come upon the rest of us for their keep in old age. But then I'm not a disciple of *laissez faire*, and Mr. Cox is. And talking of employers, it occurs to me that a good many of them will simply save the pensions they pay voluntarily to their old workmen at present. That's a maddening thought to me." "You mustn't let it prey upon your mind—but if that sort of thing were really maddening to you, you'd have been mad long ago. We have to risk that effect for the sake of the pensionless. But I agree that much of the result of the Bill will be simply to shift a payment from one source to another. Your revolutionary changes don't change so much as their authors expect, as a general rule. The debate? Oh, a good one; but it wanted John Burns. Can you wonder I'm fond of him? To try lifting a motor-car off a man by his own main strength! Characteristic in every way, and a jolly fine thing."

And so said I.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J N ISAACS (Liverpool).—We cannot recall a specific instance, but from our personal knowledge of the master we think such a circumstance by no means improbable.

HERWARD.—We quite agree with you. There is an incomprehensible smash somewhere, and we are totally unable to offer any explanation.

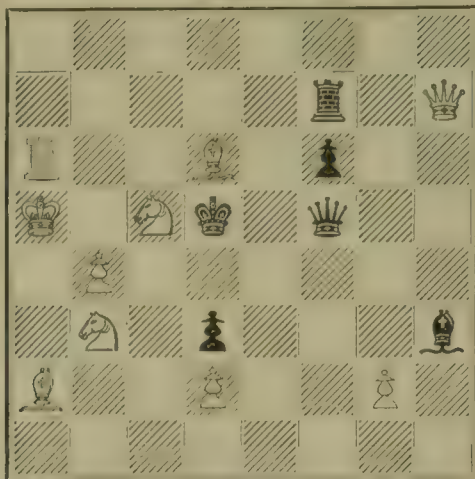
M MAIR.—None whatever. Solutions will always be acknowledged.

A A BOWLEY AND J K R BORNANJ.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3340 received from E G Muntz (Toronto) and C A M (Penang); the Author's of No. 3342 from E G Muntz and Robert H Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.); of No. 3343 from Robert H Couper, B Messenger (Bridgend), E G Muntz, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3344 from Mrs. Kelly (Lympstone), Stettin, I Steede, L.L.D. (Penzance), R Bryson (Walthamstow), B Messenger, Captain J A Challice, and R C Widdecombe.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3341 received from R Bryson (Walthamstow), F Henderson (Leeds), Stettin, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Walter S Forester (Bristol), A Groves (Southend), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Shadforth, B Messenger (Bridgend), H R Stephenson (Chelmsford), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Fred R Underhill (Norwich), A F Dunn (Camberwell), I Steede, L.L.D. (Penzance), E J Winter-wood, J Dixon (Colchester), Hereward, Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), Mrs E C Leighton (Stotfold), P Daly (Brighton), Albert Wolff (Putney), R Worters (Canterbury), Loudon McAdam (Southsea), Killarney, Mrs Kelly (Lympstone), Captain J A Challice, R C Widdecombe (Dartmoor), Ernest Maurer (Schöneberg, Berlin), T Roberts, M Mair (Innellan), W H C Stainer (Sutton-in-Ashfield), A A Engineer, B A (Cambridge), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

PROBLEM No. 3347.—By H. E. KIDSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3344.—By J. MAUER.

WHITE.
1. Q to Kt 8th
2. R to Q 6th (ch)
3. Q to Kt 3rd, mate

BLACK.
R takes Kt
K takes P

If Black play 1. P takes P, 2. R to K B 6th (ch); if 1. K to B 5th, 2. R to Q B 6th (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 4th, then 2. R to Q 6th (ch), and 3. Q mates.

CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played in the International Tournament at Prague between Messrs. ALAPIN and JANOWSKY.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. B to B sq	B to B 3rd
2. P to Kt 4th	B to B 4th	20. Q to Kt 4th	R to K 5th
The acceptance of the gambit is the last thing to be thought of, yet all the authorities declare gambits to be unsound.		21. K to R 2nd	Q R to K sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. R to Q sq	Kt to Q 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	There is a noticeable contrast between the irresistible co-operation of Black's forces with each other and White's disjointed helplessness.	
5. Kt to Q R 4th		23. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 6th
B to B 4th is more usual. The text move gets rid of the adverse Bishop, but at the cost of time.		24. R to B sq	R (K 5) to K 3rd
6. Kt takes B	B to Kt 3rd	25. Q to B 2nd	R to B 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd	R P takes Kt	26. Q to Kt sq	
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	An ignominious refuge for the hapless Queen.	
9. Castles	Castles	27. P to B 4th	P to R 4th
10. P to B 3rd	R to K sq	28. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K 5th
11. P to K R 3rd	Q to K 2nd	29. P to R 4th	R to Kt 3rd
12. B to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd	30. Q takes Kt	Kt takes B (ch)
P to B 5th is simple enough to be overlooked, but it is much the best continuation. White fails to realise his opponent's possibilities after P takes P.		31. Q takes R	B takes Q
13. B takes B P	P takes P	Regaining his material deficiency with a won position. The game is worthy of a great master.	
14. P takes Kt	Kt takes P	32. K takes B	R to K 6th
15. Kt to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt	33. P to B 5th	Kt P takes P
16. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 7th (ch)	34. P takes P	P takes P
17. K to R sq	Q takes Q B	35. R takes P	P to Q B 3rd
Black's combination is a very brilliant one, the more so as the results of this sacrifice are largely positional, and do not exhibit themselves immediately.		36. R to B 4th	P to K 6th
18. R takes Q	Kt takes R	37. K to R 2nd	R to Kt 6th (ch)
		38. K to Kt 2nd	R to K 6th
		39. R takes Kt P	K to Kt 2nd
		40. R takes Kt P	R takes Q R P
		41. R to B 7th	R to Q B 5th
		White resigns.	

Another game played in the same Tournament, between Messrs. MAROCZY and RUBINSTEIN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	21. B takes P	B to B 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
3. P takes P	P takes P	23. Q to B 5th	R to B 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. K R to K sq	B to Kt 3rd
5. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	It is immaterial to the purpose. Black has in view that he is left with a useless doubled Pawn.	
6. Castles	Castles	25. B takes B	P takes B
7. B to K Kt 5th	B to K Kt 5th	26. Kt to B 2nd	Q R to K 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	27. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Kt sq
9. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th	28. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
10. P to Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	29. P takes P	Q to Kt 6th (ch)
11. Kt to K 5th	B to K 2nd	30. K to B sq	Q takes P (ch)
Better than Q to Kt 3rd, which might have won a Pawn but take the Queen too far afield.		31. K to B 2nd	R takes R (ch)
12. P to B 4th	B takes B	32. R takes R	R takes P
13. Q takes B	Q Kt to Q 2nd	33. K takes R	P takes P
14. Q R to K sq	R to K sq	The possession of the open file is a point in White's favour, but the defence has been well managed and in sufficient strength to regard it without fear.	
15. R to K 2nd	Kt takes Kt	16. B to B sq	Kt to Q 2nd
16. B P takes Kt		17. B to B sq	Kt to B sq
17. B to B sq	Kt to Q 2nd	18. Kt to Q sq	P to Q B 4th
18. P to B 3rd	P to B sq	19. P to B 3rd	R to B sq
19. P to B 3rd	P takes P	20. B to K 3rd	P takes P
20. B to K 3rd		Skillfully availing himself of the White	

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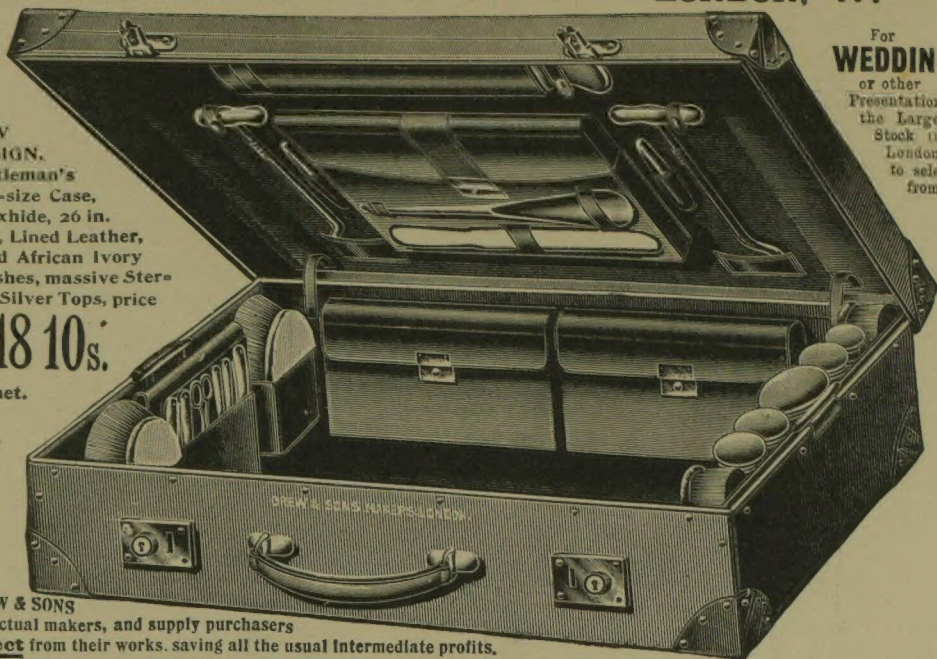
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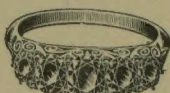
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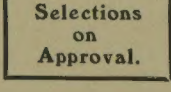
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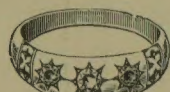
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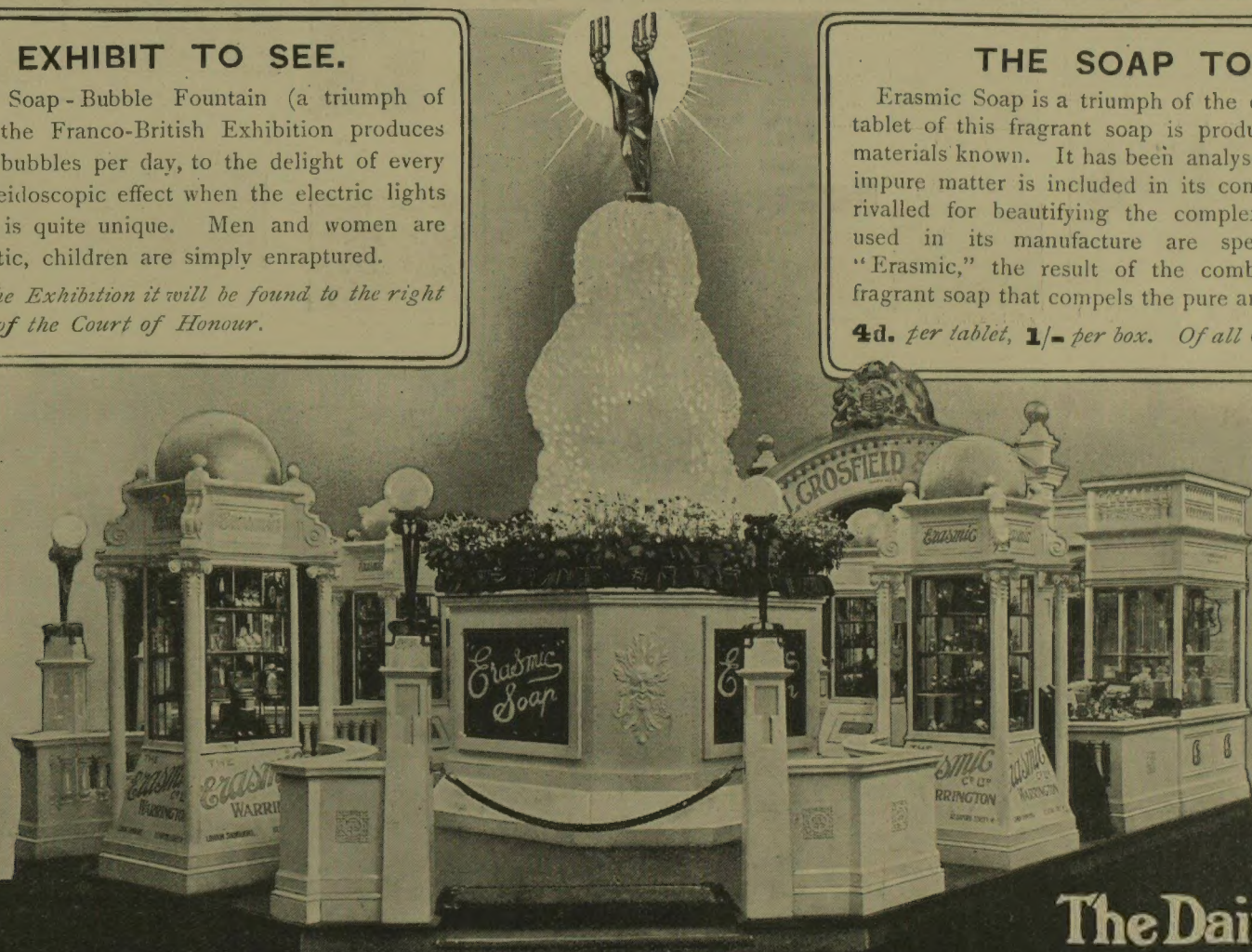
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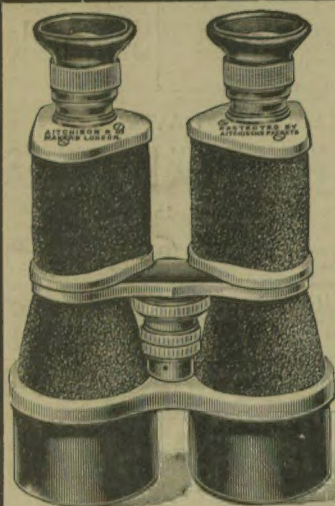
THE capitals of the ancient world, one after the other, yield up their secrets: Rome, Athens, Thebes, have each unfolded their great past to us, and now it is the turn of Memphis. The opening up of the ruins of this city, the metropolis of Egypt, has been undertaken by the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, under the direction of Professor Flinders Petrie, and the first results can now be seen in London. The heart of the capital was the great temple of the Creator-god Ptah; but the larger part of the sacred enclosure of about fifty acres is under cultivation, and the ruins will have to be dug out of the fields. At one side are massive remains of a temple court of red granite, and the open ground from them to the opposite palms was once all covered with splendid buildings. Among these ruins have been found dozens of tablets engraved with prayers, presented by private worshippers. A strange feature of these is the multitude of ears carved upon them, the

meaning of which is shown by the inscriptions. We read—"Ptah, listen to the petitions of" So-and-so, showing that the ears represented those of the god, made to receive the prayers. Probably the worshipper prayed into the ears of the tablet, and then laid up his petition before the god for future attention. Under one corner of a building were placed the memorial tablets of the founder, Rameses the Great—blocks of alabaster, black granite, and green-glazed pottery, inscribed with the royal names and the record of the princely high priest, Kha-em-uas, who erected the building. This great field of fifty acres contains the history of the country, from its foundation under the first King, Menes, down to the Roman times; and we may hope that every year, for long to come, may see more of this store of history brought to light.

Memphis was the busy capital of a commercial world, and the trades and traders have left many remains of their work. Glazed pottery was always important in Egypt, and the kilns and waste pieces are found, showing the mode of firing. A large block of spoiled dishes, stuck together in glazing, are in the exhibition. The trade naturally brought in foreign settlers, and the

artistic taste of the Egyptians and the Greeks led them to model the portraits of the different races who walked the streets of Memphis. Under the Persian rule the great King was well known, and his portrait is here, with the bushy hair, the tiara, and royal disc. The Syrian was doubtless very familiar, and is shown with just the same features as on far older paintings. The Sumerian of Babylonia, with his close-shaven head, has just the features of the early figures of this first of civilised races. The Scythian horsemen were the best troops of the Persians, and there are many figures of this Cossack cavalry. Most interesting of all are the Indian figures and heads, the source of which is unmistakable both from attitudes and physiognomy; and these open up great questions of the influence of Indian thought on the West.

There is much else also to be seen in the exhibition at University College, many large slabs of sculptures, one of the earliest lotus capitals, copies of the coloured Zodiac paintings, and Coptic-Christian papyri. This exhibition in Gower Street opens to the public (free) on Monday, the 29th, and can be seen (from ten to five) till July 25.



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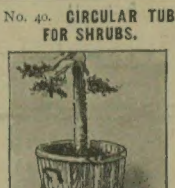
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9 ft. diam., Price £6 0 0



No. 29. GARDEN SEAT.

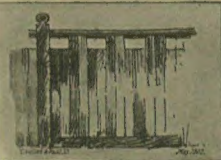
4 ft. 8 in., Price £2 15 0



No. 1. TREE SEAT.

Price £5 5 0

No. 25. STAINED UNPLANED
RED DEAL FENCE.



4 ft. high, Price 6/6 per yard,
with Posts 9 ft. apart.



No. 32. TABLE.

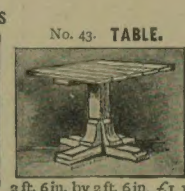
4 ft. by 2 ft., £1 17 6



Price £15 15 0



8 ft. by 5 ft., £11. Seat £1 extra.



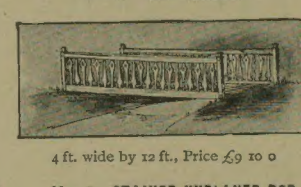
No. 43. TABLE.

2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in., £1 10



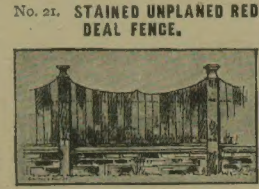
No. 44. TREE SEAT.

3 ft. diam., Price £5 0 0



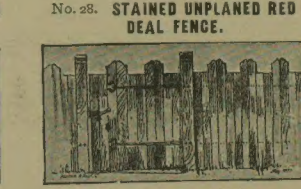
No. 27. FOOT BRIDGE.

4 ft. wide by 12 ft., Price £9 10 0



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No. 28. STAINED UNPLANED RED
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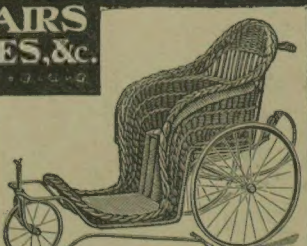
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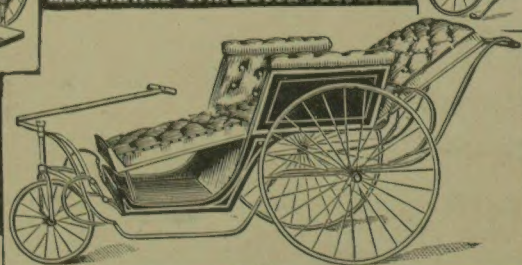
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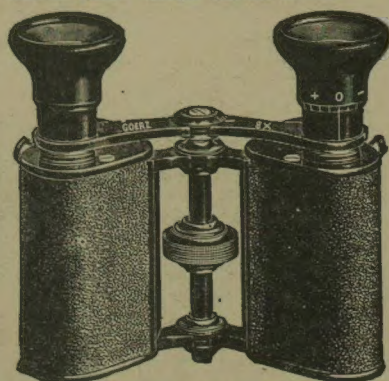


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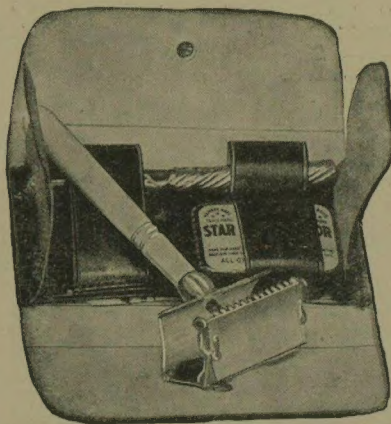
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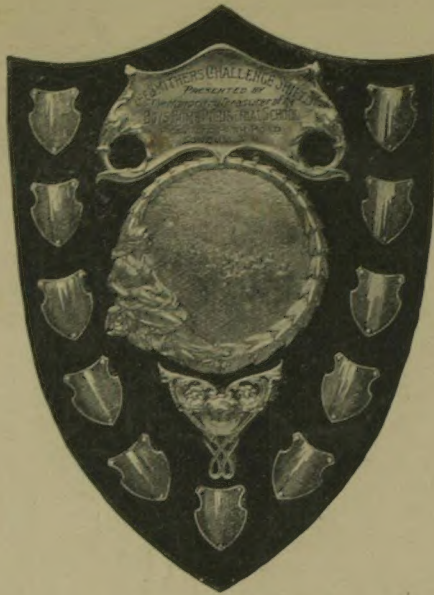
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Jan. 16, 1908) of MR. ALEXANDER LAWRIE, of 1, Nutley Terrace, Hampstead, and 14, St. Mary Axe, who died on April 25, has been proved by Alexander Cecil Lawrie, the son, and William Slingsby Ogle, the value of the estate being £96,847. He bequeaths to his wife £3800 and £3500 for the purchase of an annuity; to his daughter Isabel Bruce Lawrie £300, £2000 for buying an annuity, and £8000 in trust for her and her issue; and legacies to relatives and servants. All other his property he leaves to his four sons, Alexander Cecil, Edward Hamilton, Percy Robert, and Ernest William.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1907) of MR. ASHER JOHN HUCKLESHY, of Leaside Villa, New Bedford Road, Luton, straw-hat manufacturer, who died on Jan. 3, has been proved by Mrs. Ellen Hucklesey, the widow, Frederick William Plummer, Albert Wilkinson, and Henry Stanbridge, the value of the estate being £164,862. The testator gives £2000 to the Bute Hospital, £1000 to the Children's Sick and Convalescent Home; £500 to the Consumption Hospital; £1000 to the Bury Park Congregational Chapel; £2200 and the proceeds of the sale of two cottages to King Street Congregational Chapel; house property at Luton to various nephews and nieces; £1000 to his sister-in-law Elizabeth; £1500 to his sister, Caroline Barton; farms and premises in Suffolk to his brother Albert and his children; and the residue of his estate, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as she should appoint, and, in default thereof, for his nephews and nieces named in the will and codicil.

The following important wills have now been proved—
Mr. William Edward Wilson, Daramona House, Streete, Westmeath £50,121
Mr. John Orchard, Mulgrave Road, Sutton £49,069
Mr. J. W. Pool, East Stonehouse, Devon £49,002
Sir Richard Strachey, 67, Belsize Park Gardens £6470
Captain Sir Cuthbert Slade, Bart., Maunsel, Somerset £2038
Mr. Willie Edouin, actor, 14, Bedford Court Mansions £821



A GYMNASIAC TROPHY.

The shield was presented by Mr. F. O. Smithers, hon. treasurer of the Boys' Home Industrial School, Regent's Park Road, for open competition for free gymnastics by children of industrial schools. The winners for this year are the boys from St. Nicholas Industrial School, Manor Park, E. The shield was specially modelled and manufactured by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Trafalgar Square, London.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

ONE result of the Congress has been to reveal statesmanlike ability in many of the American and Canadian Bishops and clergy. The speeches of the Bishops of Montreal, Albany, and Columbia were much admired. As chairmen the Canadian prelates were remarkably successful. They kept a tight hand on the speakers, and hardly any except the boldest ventured to disregard the gentle monitions of the bell.

The Bishop of Durham, who has presided over Section D of the Congress, followed the discussions with close attention and interest. From a popular standpoint, nothing attracted more notice than the debate on Christian Science, which was held in Kensington Town Hall on June 17. American clergy are able to testify to the firm hold which Mrs. Eddy's doctrines have gained over many who were once Church-people.

The *Guardian* publishes an interesting article entitled "The Clerical Motorist." The writer does all his own driving and is his own mechanic. He estimates the initial cost of a small car at from £150 to £350. "If the car to replace the pony must have four seats, because of the wife and children, that fixes our minimum prices at £250 for a new car and, say, £150 for a secondhand one." At sixty miles per week the cost works out at £52 per annum, according to this writer's estimate, and one-quarter of this is estimated as driver's wages.

Canon Teignmouth Shore has been suffering from a severe attack of arthritis, and has been ordered to take a prolonged "cure" on the Continent.

The Duke of Argyll laid last week the foundation-stone of the Church of St. Augustine, Fulham (the Queen Victoria memorial church). It was erected "as an enduring memorial of the beneficent life and glorious reign of Victoria, Queen Empress." The foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Argyll in 1899, and the nave was consecrated by Bishop Barry in October 1900.

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